CURRENT ANECDOTES

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WINDOWS FOR SERMONS.

By Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D. D.

LIKE OUR THOUGHTS. (720)

Prov. 23:7; 1 Cor. 13:5.

Robert E. Spear brings out in a strong way the important truth that every day we are becoming more like our thoughts. If they are mean and selfish, we cannot prevent ourselves from becoming so. If they are unclean, and evil, our character and conduct will inevitably be shaped by them. It is true that "as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." As Charles Kingsley says: "Think about yourself; about that you want; what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make sin and misery for yourself out of everything which God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose, on earth or in heaven either." But on the other hand, loving thoughts produce loving acts, and a generous, kindly way of regarding others in our own mind, will bring us to a generous, kindly treatment of them in daily life.

GOD'S PROMISE-LADDER. (721)

Gen. 12:1, 17:8; Heb. 11:9; Mark 10:30.

Rev. F. B. Meyer tells us that God's promises are ever on the ascending scale. One leads up to another, fuller and more blessed than itself. In Mesopotamia, God said: "I will show thee the land." At Bethel, "This is the land." Later, "I will give thee all the land, and children innumerable as the grains of sand." And even these promises were eclipsed. God allures us to saintliness; not giving us anything till we have dared to act—that he may test us; not giving everything at first—that he may not overwhelm us. And always keeping in hand an infinite reserve of blessing.

THE SKY OF THE HEART. (722)

Matt. 15:18; Ezek. 36:26; Acts 15:9.

The late Maltbie D. Babcock had both poetic gift and spiritual insight. He left us a little poem entitled "The Sky of the Heart" which bears a message full of comfort:

A fallen leaf on a flowing stream,
And on the water a moment's gleam
Of sunshine—and the chilling gray
O'erspreads more coldly the autumn day.
And once this had brought a pang to me,
A sense of pain in my heart, to see
The leafless trees and the stubble sere,
And the darkening face of the dying year.
It is not so now. My heart is glad,
Though every sight and sound is sad,
For I have come to realize
That joy depends not on the skies.
The path of my duty holds along,
Through winter's storm and springtime's song,
And cloudy the day or stormy the night,
The sky of my heart is always bright.

DANGER OF BEING TOO INDEPENDENT. (723)

James 2:17; John 8:29.

Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, of New York city, says in a strong way, "Do not bank on independence." Success is not merely what a man is but also what he is connected with. "Her looks, parentage, or education matter very little," said a famous woman recently, interrupting a friend's recommendation of a traveling companion. "Tell me who her associates are, and I can decide whether I want her." Assayers say that tin, poor in itself, when joined to copper to make bronze, develops qualities more desirable than those of copper itself. It has the dormant value which comes out only in a partnership. Lafcadio Hearn once saw a little Japanese girl teaching a baby brother the character for man. It was easily done by balancing two curved sticks against each other. "See," she said, "each stands only by the help of the other. One by itself cannot stand. Without help one

person cannot live in this world; but by getting, and giving help, everybody can live."

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR OLD MEN.

Tit. 2: 2; 1 Pet. 5: 5; Rom. 6: 6. (724)

Let no man be discouraged because gray hairs have come upon him, and he has not yet achieved what he hoped for. Men of thought have always been distinguished for their age. Colon, Sophocles, Pinder, Anacreon, and Xenophon, were more than eighty. Kant, Buffon, Goethe, and Newton paralleled them for length of years. Michael Angelo reached eighty-nine, and Titan ninety-nine. Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, also reached four score years. Not only did these men live to be old, but much of the best work of the world has been done by old men after they were old. Landor wrote his "Imaginary Conversation" when eighty-five; Izack Walton was a charming writer at ninety. Michael Angelo was still painting his giant canvasses at eighty-nine, and Titan at ninety worked with the vigor of boyhood. Fontenelle was as light-hearted at ninety-eight as at forty, and Newton at eighty-three worked as hard as he did in middle life. The secret of working on to old age is to keep the mind ever fresh with happy and useful service.

A MOTHER'S PRAYERS. (725)

Deut. 4:7; John 4:10; Isa. 65:24; Matt. 21:22.

The late Dr. Talmage used to say that he would be a wretched infidel if he did not believe in prayer. He says:

"My grandmother was a Christian woman. One night her hildren wanted to go to a party. She said: 'You can go, but I will pray for you.' They went, but did not have a good time. My uncle Thomas was on his knees in his chamber before God, and after a while the farm hands came in from the barn, and said something was the matter with David, who was my father. He was praying 'God have mercy on my soul.' A young woman whom he thought much of, Catherine Van Ness, my future mother, was soon after visited by him, and he told her of his interest in the subject of religion. She was converted, and the result was that, at the next communion service at the Somerville church, two hundred and seventy persons became members.

"My mother, when her little children were growing up around her, united with five mothers in a prayer-meeting, and all the children were converted. I was the last one of the family that was brought to Christ. My mother had a strong desire that her sons might be ministers, and she prayed till four of them became preachers of the Gospel."

KEEP THE RECORD CLEAR. (726)

Matt. 12: 36; Sam. 14: 12, 2: 6, 3: 20.

When the late Thomas B. Reed, the famous wit and statesman, was taken with his last illness, he had a premonition from the first that he was near the end. The first day of his sickness he sent for an old comrade, and spoke to him in this fashion: "Say, Bill, do you remember digging up my record in the Navy when they attacked it back in '82 or thereabouts?" "Yes," said friend Bill. "Well, have you got it now?" "Yes." "Go get it, and bring it to me. I may go away soon, and I wish to leave it with my daughter." Mr Reed had been paymaster in the Navy, and fought for the Flag at Fort Fisher, and as he felt himself near the end he wanted to leave proof of a clean record. How many a man would be safe from sin if he would only pause to think when tempted of the day when he will want to leave a clean record.

MAKING OTHERS HAPPY. (727)

Prov. 19: 22; Rom. 12: 10; 2 Cor. 6: 6.

Some one has well said that unhappiness is the hunger to get; while happiness is the hunger to give. True happiness must ever have the tinge of sorrow outlived, the sense of pain softened by the mellowing years, the chastening of loss that in the wondrous mystery of time transmutes our suffering into love and sympathy with others. If an individual should set out for a single day to give happiness, to make life happier, brighter, and sweeter, not for himself, but for others, he would find a wondrous revelation of what happiness really is. The greatest of the world's heroes could not by any series of acts of heroism do as much real good as any individual living his whole life in seeking, from day to day, to make others happy.

HOW TO TREAT THE OLD. (728)

Prov. 23: 22; 1 Pet. 5: 5.

Nothing requires more tact and more tenderness than the treatment of old people by those who are young and strong. If we treat them as is so often done, and many times with the best of motives, as those from whom nothing may be expected in the way of labor, you touch them where they are peculiarly tender and sensitive. On the other hand if you treat them as though you expected full work of them, and make no allowance for the infirmities of age, you soon put them in an impossible position. We should show a kind and thoughtful regard for their feelings; give them something to do that they can do; be respectful, differential even, and we will reap a rich harvest of hope in their hearts. It is a great thing to so minister to the old as to cause them to renew their courage and their youth of joy at a time when they are beginning to ask themselves the question if their day of usefulness is not past.

ENCLOSE A COUPON IN EVERY LETTER

and you may easily be one of three men the Current Anecdotes sends to Palestine on the 1904 Cook Cruise, at our expense. See page 752.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM STRONG SERMONS.

By WILLIAM MAY.

WORKINGMEN AND THE BIBLE.

Prov. 10: 16; 1 Cor. 4: 12. (730)

The Rev. Dr. C. M. Sheldon puts the message of Christ's occupation during the early years of his life in a very bright, interesting way as a message for working men.

There must have been some really good reason why Christ was the son of a carpenter instead of the son of a lawyer. If His life was a model and example of the highest type of humanity known, then, so far as human understanding of the plan of salvation can go, He ought to be born into and grow up in that situation which is most likely to illustrate the perfect manhood. It was not chance that Jesus, for the most of His life, worked with His hands at a trade. It was a deliberate plan of God that it should be so.

If there were no other message in the Book for workingmen to prove the dignity and divinity of labor, the one single fact of Jesus Christ in the shop would be the largest message of the Book in that direction. I, as a workingman coming up to the Book to find what it has to say to me, stop here a moment, and, with a pride which I have a right to feel stirring within me, I humbly acknowledge the companionship which the Son of Man has with me in a peculiar fashion, for I am in the ranks of labor with the greatest Working-man of all the ages.

If I am poor, so was He. If I grow weary with my hard tasks, so, no doubt, did He. If I suffer from the social disdain of those who do not understand the divinity of labor, so, without doubt, did He. If I have others dependent upon me, living upon day's wages, with sometimes little provided for the future, so, no doubt, did my Lord toil, after Joseph was dead, and Mary, the mother, was dependent upon her children.

This puts me in the ranks of a nobility which wealth and earthly titles cannot reach. My birthright is companionship with the Master Workman. The labor of my hands has been forever dignified, because the Son of Man belonged to the same life physical to which I also belong.

NEED FOR ANOTHER LADY HUNTINGTON. (731)

Mark 10: 23; Luke 16: 25.

Dealing with some remarks recently made by General Booth of the Salvation Army in regard to a proposed mission to "the upper classes," the Daily News of London gives a noteworthy commendation of strong religious emotion. Latterly, there has been a tendency to scorn anything savoring of excitement in evangelistic work, but in most great movements of the kind the stirring of the emotions has been one of the greatest secrets of success. As one has well said, "Religious fervor is the most powerful and commonsense agency of practical reform." Returning to the editorial in the Daily News, the editor says: "Men and women of degraded lives ought surely not to be placed outside the range of Christian sympathy because they fare sumptuously, nor ought their position to exempt them from direct personal rebuke and warning." The editor of The Christian commenting on this statement says that we sadly need another Lady Huntington to rouse the religious feelings and reach the souls of the English aristocracy who are not accessible to the ordinary evangelist.

"ROOM AT THE TOP." (732)

Prov. 22: 29; Matt. 4: 19; 1 Cor. 1: 26.

The religion of Jesus Christ makes it possible for the so-called lower classes to rise. The suggestion of this possibility is found in his words: "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." The persons whom Jesus thus addressed were engaged in a menial task; the position to which He called them was the highest which can be attained by mortal man. "Let the shoemaker stick to his last," was a proverb when Christ came. But under the influence of the Nazarene Carpenter the shoemaker is permitted to rise above his last. In pagan nations the various classes must keep their place. The Hindus say that when Brahm created the race he made Brahmans from his head, the Vaisya or merchants from his loins, the Vshatrya or soldiers from his breast, and the Sudras or laborers from his feet; and within these lines there are hundreds of minor divisional lines which have remained from time immemorial and which it is impossible to cross. The water-carriers and scavengers of Bombay are the descendants of those who were scavengers and water-carriers many hundreds of years ago. But in Christian countries a golden ladder is placed before the feet of every ambitious man and he is urged to mount it. We often lament the multiplication of millionaires in our time. It is indeed a most significant fact. A tabulated estimate shows that there are thousands of millionaires in our country; about one thousand of them in New York city. But why should we mourn over this condition of things? Rather let us rejoice in it. For who are these that have accumulated wealth? Nearly all have come up from the ranks; they were poor men or children of poor men. The thing which hath been shall be. Men are continually rising from poverty to affluence. It is dangerous for a laboring man to cry out against capital; since there is no certainty that he himself may not be a capitalized one of these days. It is a significant fact—significant of the progress of Christ's Gospel—that no man, however humble, need despair of prosperity, if he be a thrifty workman. In Christian countries there is always "room at the top."
—D. J. Burrell.

THE CHURCH AND SOCIAL THEORIES. (733)

John 18: 36; Rom. 14: 17.

The unreasonableness of the demands made on the Church lies in the fact that the movements to which the Church is asked to commit itself are extremely diversified and often mutually antagonistic, while at the same time they are tentative experiments with their permanency unassured. The Church may approve with all its heart of the object which these movements have in view, and yet among the men and women of whom the Church consists there may be the utmost divergence of opinion in regard to the methods to be pursued for the attainment of that object; and while such divergence obtains, it is obvious that the Church cannot as a body identify itself with either one party or another. This will become increasingly evident if we look at the several ways in which it is proposed to bridge the chasm between poverty and wealth in our land today, and to bring about a more equitable distribution of material good. There is Anarchy—the awful conviction cherished by thousands that the only way to remedy the ills which afflict our social state is to shatter society by brute force. Then there is the remedy of Land Nationalization—the theory that the certain cure for all our social diseases is to restore the land to the whole of the people from whom it was originally taken, and to whom it rightfully belongs. Then there is the remedy of Cooperation—the belief that if in the production as well as in the distribution of wealth there could be arranged a mutual and equitable sharing of profits, all our difficulties would cease. Then there is State Socialism—the system which advocates that the state should take into its own hands not only all the land, but all the instruments of production; that individual proprietorship should cease, that the people should become their own master and servants. Now the question arises, which of these schemes of social salvation is the Church to identify itself, and which is it to exclude from its patronage? It cannot adopt them all, inasmuch as they are not all mutually harmonious. By adopting one it would discard the rest. And so, if Christianity is to be the friend of all worthy social improvement schemes, it must not ally itself with any individual one. As soon as it does so, it becomes particular rather than general, local rather than universal, the friend of a class rather than the counsellor of the race, a creature of periods and places rather than the conqueror of time and the inheritor of the world.

THE MISSION OF CHRISTIANITY.

John 10: 10; Matt. 13: 33. (734)

The great mission of Christianity in the world is to quicken and educate the human conscience, to purify and stimulate human affection, to elevate and hallow human aims, to direct and control the human will, in short to make men, and to leave the men to make the movements. In pursuing its high function there is a sense in which it stands entirely aloof from social movements, and there is a sense in which it enters thoroughly into them. It touches their motive rather than their method; the spirit rather than their form, their soul rather than their body. It has nothing to do with them, yet it has everything to do with them. An illustration will make this plain. There are many styles of painting—landscape painting, animal painting, architectural painting, figure painting, still-life painting and painting which more or less combines all these. Then there are different schools, as realistic, idealists, impressionists, and various others. Now, with dictating the procedure or settling the methods of these various styles and schools, or with selecting one to the exclusion of the rest, the light of the sun has nothing to do. It does not bless the method of Leighton and ban that of Burne Jones, or breathe a benediction on the productions of Whistler and condemn those of Herkomer. The sunlight knows nothing, is quite independent of all schools of art and styles of painting, and yet, without the sunlight, there could be neither artists nor pictures. Blot out the sun, and you extinguish all the political, social, and economic schemes that have for their object the improvement of mankind. It allies itself individually with none of them, and yet, so far as they embody its spirit and aim, it accords its smile and benediction to all.

A PARABLE OF SOCIALISM. (735)

Luke 12: 13-15.

In the olden time a great mountain lifted its head to heaven, and a beautiful city lay sleeping at his base. The glory of the mountain was a wonderful spring which bubbled up unceasingly on its summit, and gave new life to all who tasted of its vivifying stream. Men, women and children all drank of it, and gained a strength and courage and nobility they had never known before. The spring had swelled up on the mountain summit long before the oldest citizen was born, yet still its waters flowed and their virtue failed not. But as the city grew and came to be divided into many quarters, there arose a dispute among the inhabitants concerning the possession and uses of the spring. All were eager to lay claim to it, and some went so far as to insist that its waters should be employed to wash the streets, and flood the sewers, and drive the machinery of which the city had grown very proud. The dispute continued long, and wild thoughts were born in the hearts of men, and fell in hard words from their lips. At length, when things were at their worst, an aged man arose amid the dissension, and beckoning for peace, cried: "Fellow citizens, let me entreat you to listen to the counsel of one who has lived long and witnessed much. Years do not always bring wisdom, and yet, sometimes, God gives the wise heart to the many days. The spring about which we are disputing today has been the glory of our city for many generations. Our fathers drank of it, and far beyond the natural term of man, their years were filled with good, their eyes waxed not dim, and their natural strength did not abate. And what is better than worldly well-being, their spirits put on the beautiful

garments of virtue. Nor did they ever dream of confining the spring to a few, or of devoting its streams to common uses; it was to them a sacred thing and the heritage of all. And my counsel is that it should so remain. The borders of our city have greatly enlarged themselves, and thousands now abide where only hundreds once found shelter. But there is not a quarter of the city from which a path could not be made to the mountain summit. Let us build a temple there, and let roads be carried from every part, so plain and easy that the old man and the young child shall not stray therein. And let not the sacred waters be used to cleanse our streets and drive our mills, but let it be kept only as the drink of the people; so shall we become a race of stalwart and virtuous men." The people gave heed to the voice of the old man, for he seemed to wear the aspect of a prophet of the Most High, and when they heard the counsel which fell from his lips, they cried aloud with one voice: "It is well, it is well, so let it be!" And from that day the mountain summit was regarded as a holy place, and the spring which rose there as divine. Cattle might not drink of its waters, nor could it be poured forth for any common use. But that which was thus denied to things was bestowed freely upon men, and among the citizens, health of body and vigour of mind waxed more and more, until the fame of their prowess and virtue spread through all the earth.

The lesson is plain: Christianity is the Divine water which God has given for the refreshment and cleansing of the human soul. Let us urge men to drink of it more and more, let us strive to bring them more fully under its healing and hallowing influence, and it shall be our joy to find that as we lift the soul we raise the body, as we ennoble the nature we elevate its environment, as we change men we touch the springs of all social and political movement, and by creating a new race we create eventually a new world. All that man has is wrapt up in what man is—his possessions are the outcome of his being, his surroundings are the reflections of himself, and by saving him we save all that belongs to him, both now and evermore.

OUR GREAT WORKMATE. (736)

Mark 6: 3; Matt. 28: 20.

In his dialogue with Trypho, Justin Martyr preserves a tradition that the things Jesus the Carpenter specially made in His workshop were "ploughs and yokes." That ploughs and yokes they were! No scamped work, no shoddy, ever left His hand. "Thorough" was His hall mark and men ought to be able to tell a Christian by the thoroughness and honesty of his work. Can they? How many cry "Lord! Lord!" and yet by shady conduct of business, harshness as employers, or idleness as employes, bring shame on Him they so loudly profess to serve. The Master demands the control of the common life. We cannot confine Him to Sabbaths, and churches, and religious services. He is at our side from Monday to Saturday, too, examining our ledgers, marking our treatment of our work people, listening to our bargains, inspecting our work. But it is not as Inspector so much as Friend that He will come into our common life if we will let Him. He will be our Companion; and the word "companion" literally means "a sharer of one's bread," a messmate, a tablefellow. It is the promise of heart comradeship in even the humblest parts of life. Very quaintly did an old shoemaker once express its blessedness. He lived and worked all by himself, but in answer to a question he said: "No; I never feel lonesome. My great workmate sits beside me here on my bench, and talks with me all day. And," he added, "He helps me to cobble my shoes."

THE IDLE MAN A MONSTER. (737)

1 Thess. 4: 11; Prov. 19: 15, 24; 2 Thess. 3: 10, 11.

We have scarcely yet felt the full bearing of the fact that Christ toiled as a workman upon the larger social questions of our civilization. Those years of lowly toil at Nazareth are a standing protest against the classes or individuals that are content to live on the labor of others, and produce nothing themselves by hand or brain to add to the community's good. Here is the final condemnation of the non-producer, the idler, the shirker, the parasite. As Prof. Carl Hilty has recently pointed out, "No social problem would exist if all faithfully worked." The social menace of today is the impassible gulf fixed between extreme riches and extreme poverty; on the one hand, the few gathering enormous wealth without any real, productive work; and, on the other, the many toiling for a bare pittance, or only just existing below the poverty line. And so long as the dictum of one of America's richest millionaires—"the man who succeeds best in the world is he who knows how to avail himself of the labors of other men"—is admitted as a rule of human society, so long will that menace grow more and more menacing. The ideal Christian state will not be realized till the human hive knows no drones. "One monster there is in the world, the idle man!" cries Carlyle. "Every being that can live can do something; this let him do!" "Produce! produce! were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it in God's name! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee; out with it, then. Up! up! Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might. Work while it is called today, for the night cometh wherein no man can work." It is significant that the modern prophet of labor thus found no better words to express his strenuous doctrine than those of Jesus the Carpenter, whose teaching, as well as His example, is full of the Gospel of work. It was the Carpenter who not only told the parable of the Talents, with its severe condemnation of the non-producer, "Thou wicked and slothful servant!" and the story of the Laborers, with its wondering expostulation to the unemployed, "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" but also pronounced work to be essentially Godlike when He cried, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work!"

PUNISHED BY MOTHER'S DEATH. (739)

Gen. 42: 38; Prov. 10: 1.

A few days ago the Philadelphia papers re-

ported the following pathetic incident: Richard Graham has received an awful punishment. When he was brought from prison yesterday to face the judge on a charge of theft, the judge said to him sternly: "Prisoner, stand up." The boy arose with defiance and bravado in his bearing. "Your mother is dead," said the judge. Instantly Graham's contemptuous manner disappeared, his cheek blanched, and the hand on the railing of the dock trembled. "The doctors say she died of a broken heart," the judge continued, "and that your last escapade was the cause of her death. I will release you under suspension of sentence to attend her funeral, and if you have a manly instinct left in you that will help you to mend your ways," and lo, in the prisoner's dock there stood, instead of a brazen young criminal, a sobbing, broken spirited boy. It had come at last. The mother who had pleaded with him and prayed for him; who had defended him when the rest of the family had upbraided him; whose heart had overflowed with love and forgiveness so long that he had come to take it as a matter of course; whose intercession had got him out of more than one entanglement with the law —she was dead, and he had killed her, the only friend and champion he had in the world. Blinded by his tears he stumbled out of the court room free—free to go to the little home where the long streamers of black were flying from the doorknob; where the face that had always beamed with affectionate welcome for him, the black sheep, lay wan in its cold passivity; free in his body, but doomed, horribly doomed, mentally.

CHRIST IS GOD. (741)

Matt. 1: 23; Acts 10: 3-6; Rev. 19: 16.

There is in Edinburgh a Unitarian church which bears carved on its front these words of St. Paul: "There is one God, and one mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus." I say nothing as to the fitness of any of Paul's words for such a place—perhaps we can imagine what he would have said. I pass over any question of interpretation that might justly be raised; I have only one question to ask: Why was the quotation not finished? Paul put only a comma where they have put a period. The next words are: "Who gave Himself a ransom for all." But how could He do that if He was only "the man Christ Jesus?"

No man can save his brother's soul,
Nor pay his brother's debt,

and how could He, how dare He, think of this life as the ransom for our forfeited lives, if He were only one like unto ourselves? There is but one explanation which does really explain all that Christ thought and taught concerning Himself; it is that given by the first disciples and reechoed by every succeeding generation of Christians—

Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ,
Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.

—Rev. G. Jackson.

SELF SACRIFICE. (742)

Acts 20: 24; Rom. 12: 1; Gal. 6: 14.

In a sermon on "Song Through Sacrifice" which appears in Ocean Grove Echoes for June, the Rev. G. H. Neal recalls the following story. Gibbon tells how a king sent ambassadors to a tribal chief, with a demand that he become his vassal. After a period of painful silence, the chief's hoarse voice commanded three soldiers: "Soldier, go jump from yonder mountain head first on the rocks below." He did it, and died. "Soldier, go jump into the rapids, just below the falls." He did it, and was drowned. "Soldier, thrust thy dagger into thy breast." He did it, and life's ruddy tide colored the hot sands. Then the chief turned to the king's ambassadors and said: "Go tell your king that I have five hundred more men like these. Let him come and conquer me." Our Master wants this spirit in all His soldiers. He Himself had it. He was self-sacrificing for the Kingdom of God even unto death. It is enough for us to be as our Lord, not above Him. Give Christ an army like these tribal warriors and He will sweep the world with righteousness.

BAPTIZED INDIVIDUALITY. (743)

Acts 2: 3, 4.

The same spark will issue variously according to where it falls. If it falls upon tinder it will blaze, if upon marble it will go out, if upon wet wood it will leave a scar, if upon water it will raise a hiss, if upon powder it will explode. And the same spirit produces different results according to the temperament, mental constitution and spiritual capacity of those upon whom He descends. Peter becomes all Peter in the bold prominence of his peculiar characteristics, but he is not duplicated in any other apostle. John is himself, and so is Paul, and so shall all be who are filled with the Spirit. It takes this baptism to bring out a man's individuality. The Church is too much like the "milky way" in the heavens. Astronomers tell us that it consists of a conglomeration of small stars so insignificant in size as to lose their individuality. The baptism of the Holy Spirit will make a bright particular star of each person who receives it. Our work and mission will differ from that of others in its special features; but filled with the Spirit, we shall each be prepared for our own life's work, whatever that work may be. No man can be all that he might be without this priceless gift.—Rev. Thomas Cook.

THE GROWTH OF HABIT. (744)

Prov. 23: 7; Jas. 1: 15; Rev. 22: 11.

The other day, says Rev. F. B. Meyer, I had to address some 2,000 children, and fearing lest I might fail to secure their attention, I called a lad of twelve into my pulpit, and proceeded to wind round him a long knotted entanglement, first cotton, next string, next twine, next small cord, afterwards rope, ending with chain and padlock. Of course he could break the cotton, but this led swiftly to the string, and this to a stronger and so on, till at last the clasp of the padlock made him fast, my prisoner, "bound by the cords of his habits." And I think those boys and girls will never forget the lesson of the inevitable connection between thoughts—acts—habits—character—destiny.

MOTHER LOVE PREVAILS. (745)

Ex. 2:3; Isa. 49:15.

A mother on a visit a hundred miles from home, got word that her only child was dying. There was but one train which could possibly get her to her home during the next twenty-four hours. But that train was an express, and did not stop at the little country station where she was visiting. In vain she sought and implored the station master to flag the train that she might board it. He dare not do it, because it was positively against orders. The superintendent was telegraphed to, but made no response. Every device that the station master could think of by which the train might be stopped had been considered, without avail; there was nothing for it but that the mother must wait till the next day for the local train. The express train was approaching; the great engine was rounding the curve half a mile away, tearing along at the rate of sixty miles an hour. The distracted mother was looking at it with strained eyes and wild heart. Then in a moment her mother's heart spoke to her, and she sprang into the middle of the track and wildly waved her arms, and refused to move, though the train was thundering down upon her and only pulled up five feet from where she stood. She boarded the cars, and explained afterwards why she had perilled her life to stop the train. The cold intellect would never have suggested that plan; the prudent station master would not have thought of it. Such a method was hidden from the wise and prudent, but it was revealed to the heart of that mother. Verily, the heart, the affections, do have some knowing functions, even in this world and in respect to earthly matters.—Dr. G. F. Pentecost.

SPONTANEOUS SERVICE. (746)

Rom. 13:10; 1 John 4:18.

Jeremy Taylor represents Ito as going on an embassy to St. Louis, and meeting a strange woman, who had fire in one hand and water in the other. He asked what these strange symbols meant, and she replied: "With fire I shall burn up heaven, and with water quench the flames of hell, that men may serve God without incentives, either of hope or fear, for His own sake." This is what Perfect Love does. If there were no heaven, and if there were no hell, hearts filled with the love of Christ would serve Him just the same. Love service is the spontaneous, glad offering of a grateful heart, like that of the woman who broke the box of ointment and poured it on the head of Christ. As the love of Jesus floods our souls the life of duty becomes transformed into a life of liberty and delight.—Rev. Thomas Cook.

LEANING ON JESUS. (747)

John 13:23; Deut. 35:27.

Some years ago a female teacher in Persia, writing to a friend, said that on a certain Sunday afternoon she was seated on a mat in the middle of the earthen floor of the church. She felt like George Whitefield felt when he said, "Lord, I am weary in my work, but not of it." As she was resting on the mat a woman came and seated herself directly behind, and begged her to lean back. At first she declined, then she drew her back, saying, "If you love me, lean hard." So our Master says to each of us, "If you love me, lean hard."

"Child of my love, lean hard
And let me feel the pressure of thy care,
I know thy burden, child: I shaped it,
Poised it in my own hand, made no proportion
In its weight to thine unaided strength:
For even as I laid it on I said,
I shall be near and while she leans on me,
This burden shall be mine, not her's;
So shall I keep my child within the encircling arms
Of 'mine own love.' Here lay it down, nor fear
To impose it on a shoulder which upholds
The government of worlds, yet closer come;
Thou art not near enough, I would embrace thy care,
So I might feel my child reposing on my breast,
Thou lovest me, I know it, doubt not, then,
But loving me—Lean Hard."

WHAT A TRACT DID. (748)

Mark 14:9; Rev. 22:2.

"Early in 1819, while waiting to see a patient, a young physician in New York took up and read a tract on missions which lay in the room where he sat. On reaching home he spoke to his wife of the question that had arisen in his mind. As a result they set out for Ceylon, and later India, as foreign missionaries. For thirty years the wife, and for thirty-six the husband, labored among the heathen, and then went to their reward. Apart from what they did directly as missionaries they left behind them seven sons and two daughters. Each of these sons married, and with their wives, and both sisters, gave themselves to the same mission work. Already have several grandchildren of the first missionary become missionaries in India and thus far thirty of that family—the Scudders—have given five hundred and twenty-nine years to Indian missions."—Indian Witness.

THE BLIND SEE. (749)

Matt. 11:5; Mark 8:22-25; John 9:25.

Considerable interest has been aroused recently by the case of the Scotchman who has been enabled by an operation to see for the first time in his life. His experiences are similar to those of the young Welsh woman who was cured of congenital blindness many years ago, and of whom one of her physicians recently wrote to a London paper as follows: "A few days after the operation, when the bandage was removed from her eyes, she exclaimed, 'How tall you are, how beautiful you are, what tall fingers.' When asked to place her hand on a particular object she put her hand two feet above it. She had no idea of size of object, of distance, or of solidity. Everything was to her vision flat and without perspective. She had to be taught to see properly. It was nearly six weeks be-

fore she could walk with safety. In any difficulty she closed her eyes, and then could walk without touching any obstacle. Eventually she returned home with perfect sight. Her constant remark was: 'How beautiful things are! I never thought the world was like this.'" Christ gives sight to the blind. But often converts "see men as trees walking." We must not be surprised at their confused ideas, nor be disappointed at their imperfect conduct. Perfect vision comes slowly. How great the joy of those who "see life" for the first time! What a beautiful world of thought, feeling, desire and deed is revealed to them.

LINE UPON LINE. (750)

Isa. 28: 10-13.

Not long ago three little girls were observed standing before a shop window filled with toys and other childish treasures. The two girls on either side the third one were making most patient endeavors to enlighten their little companion concerning the things they saw. With words and with touch of hand they still tried. It became apparent to the observers of this scene that the third child was blind, and her companions were trying to make her see the beautiful things they saw. It might have seemed to some a hopeless task, nevertheless they persevered. We have a blind and deaf world to speak to, but we must teach and by every endeavor seek to make men see the unseen things which we see, and understand the good things which God has revealed unto us by His Spirit—and in due time they will see as we have seen, if we do the things which we have found, and which in turn we teach.—Dr. G. F. Pentecost.

ALAS! TOO LATE. (751)

Ex. 2: 9; Mark 9: 42; Heb. 13: 2.

Wrong your children, and the curse of it will fill your old age with shame and your dying hours with remorse. Bless them, and they will be ministering angels to you all your days. The church that neglects its children cannot live, and the nation that despises them must perish. There is nothing so important as the child life of the nation. Degrade it, dishonor it, despise it, and damnation swift and sure and complete must inevitably follow. Protect the children if you serve the nation. How seldom we realize the mischief done till it is too late. A recent traveler in Russia tells of a village through which he passed, where a father unwittingly closed the door against his own child. It had been a clear fine day, and the child had been sent to the grandparents, but a short distance away, with strict injunctions not to return if a storm arose. The child left for home, but suddenly on the way was overtaken by a terrible storm of wind and snow. The child missed its way and was overcome with exhaustion. A Jewish peddler, struggling to reach a place of shelter, stumbled upon the unconscious child in the snow. He picked up the child, and wrapping his coat around it and folding it to his breast, hastened to the nearest house. It was the home of the child. But the family had gone to bed. Aroused at length, the father opened the window and demanded the business of the intruder. "I am seeking shelter," pleaded the man. But his accent betrayed his hated race, and the man roughly bade him begone. But he urged, "I have a child, and the child is yours." But the father, secure in the thought that his child was safe with his own mother, denounced the peddler for a liar and a Jew, and slamming the window, returned to his bed. Next morning on the doorstep they found the Jewish peddler dead, and on his breast the corpse of their own little child.

PRACTICAL PREACHING. (752)

Acts 20: 27; 2 Tim. 4: 2; Titus 3: 8.

"One thing I have against the clergy, both of the country and in town—I think they are not severe enough on their congregations. They do not sufficiently lay upon the souls and consciences of their hearers their moral obligations, and probe their hearts, and bring up their whole lives and actions to the bar of conscience. The class of sermons which I think is most needed is the class which offended Lord Melbourne long ago. He was seen coming from church one day in the country in a mighty fume. Finding a friend, he exclaimed: 'It is too bad! I have always been a supporter of the church, and I have always upheld the clergy. But it is really too bad to have to listen to a sermon like that we have had this morning. Why, the preacher actually insisted upon applying religion to a man's private life.' But that is also the kind of preaching I like best; the kind of preaching which men most need; but it is the kind of which they get the least."—W. E. Gladstone.

HEAVEN BELOW. (753)

Eph. 1: 3; Phil. 3: 20.

There is a story told by naturalists of a little insect that lives beneath the slimy pools, and makes for itself a house in the dark waters. In the center of a bubble of air, which it inflates above the water and then takes down with it and moors to a little plant at the bottom of the pool, it lives. There, in its little world of light and air, it breathes and builds its nest, and rears its young; dwelling below, and yet living above, and breathing the air of the upper world, while all around it are dark waters and slimy depths, and the creatures that come and go around its floating house of air. This illustrates in some measure what we mean by living in the "heavenly places" in Christ Jesus. As we walk through this dark world of sin and sorrow we have another world about us—a higher, sweeter, purer world; and while our feet tread the earth below, our hearts and heads are in the heavens, shut in with Christ. We are encompassed with a little world of light and glory which has descended from the skies—a kind of heavenly cloud in which we live and work like the little insect in its ethereal sphere. Christians need not die to know what heaven is.

"The men of grace have found
Glory begun below."

THE LIVING CHRIST. (754)

Acts 2:32; Heb. 7:25; Rev. 1:18.

How the late Dr. Dale came to write his book on The Living Christ is told in Dale's Life, recently published. "He was writing an Easter sermon, and, when half way through, the thought of the Risen Lord broke in upon him as it had never done before. 'Christ is alive,' I said to myself. 'Alive!' and then I paused; 'Alive!' and then I paused again. 'Alive! can that be really true? Living as really as I am myself.' I got up and walked about, repeating, 'Christ is living! Christ is living!' At first it seemed strange and hardly true, but at last it came upon me as a burst of sudden glory; yea, Christ is living. It was to me a new discovery. I thought that all along I had believed it, but not till that moment did I feel sure about it. I then said, 'My people shall know it; I shall preach about it again and again until they believe it as I do now.'" He then wrote The Living Christ.

BOOKED THROUGH TO HELL. (755)

Prov. 14:12; Matt. 7:13; Luke 16:26.

The Rev. E. Smith, an English evangelist, was one day sitting in the train waiting for its departure, when he saw a lot of rough fellows get into a neighboring compartment. They were followed by another, who declared in a loud voice that he had "Booked through to Hell." Immediately the train started. At the next station Smith went to the compartment and enquired for the man who had booked through to hell. His mates readily enough pointed him out. With a perfectly sober face, he said, "I am a ticket collector on that line; let me see your ticket." The man produced his ticket. The evangelist looked at it and said: "A single ticket! That's right! There are no return tickets issued to Hell." And in a few sharp, crisp words he urged them to change here for another line.

THE PREACHER'S SCRAP BOOK.

Including a number of Labor Day Illustrations.

HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER. (756)

In Chicago there live Wm. Kindt and John Kindt, brothers. They rushed the can until fighting drunk one evening last spring. They took alternate drinks from the pail of beer and when it was empty the older brother accused the younger of drinking more than his share.

The lie was passed and there was a bitter quarrel. The brothers fought on the sidewalk in the darkness. Finally William drew a razor and slashed at John. The younger brother uttered a cry of pain. "Ach Gott," he moaned, "Ich kan nichts sehen."

John was taken to a hospital, where he spent painful months. The razor had passed through both his eyes. The doctors considered they had done well when they saved his life; his sight they had no hope of saving. When he was able to leave his bed he had to be led about by his little sister.

William was taken to jail. He did not know until next day what he had done in his drunken fury.

The judge's decision resulted in William's taking the following oath:

"I, Wm. Kindt, do hereby solemnly swear by the almighty and ever-living God that so long as I live I will support my brother, John Kindt, that I will protect him from want and hardship and that I shall do all in my power to make his days on earth here as comfortable as possible, so help me God."

Kindt was released, his liberty conditional upon his keeping his oath. He has already begun his penance. His brother is his constant companion, except during working hours, and the result of his drink craze is always before his eyes.

"It would not bring John's eyes back if William went to jail," says Mrs. Kindt, "and it is much better for both of them the way it is. William never meant to hurt his brother. I think the devil is in the whisky."

FACTORY LIFE OF GIRLS. (757)

Monday is a hard day. There is more complaining, more shirking, more gossip than in the middle of the week. Most of the girls have been to dances on Saturday night, to church on Sunday evening with some young man. Their conversation is vulgar and prosaic, there is nothing in the language they use that suggests an ideal, or any conception of the abstract. They make jokes, state facts about the work, tease each other, but in all they say there is not a word of value, nothing that would interest if repeated out of its class. They have none of the sagaciousness of the low-born Italian, none of the wit and penetration of the French ouvriere. The old world, generations ago, divided itself into classes; the lower class watched the upper, and grew observant and appreciative, wise and discriminating, through the study of a master's will. Here in the land of freedom where no class line is rigid, the precious chance is not to serve but to live for one's self, not to watch a superior but to find out by experience.—Everybody's Magazine.

UNCHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPY. (758)

At the central office of the Young Women's Christian Association I receive what attention a busy secretary can spare me. She questions and I answer as best I can.

She then directs me to a boarding place which is at the same time a refuge for the friendless and a shelter for waifs.

The matron is in the parlor hovering over a gas stove. She has false hair, false teeth, false jewelry, and the dry, crabbed, inquisitive manner of the idle who are entrusted with authority. She is there to direct others and do nothing herself, to be cross and make herself dreaded. In the distance I can hear a shrill, nasal orchestra of children's voices. I am cold and hungry. I have as yet no job. The noise, the sordidness, the witch-like

matron annoy me. I have a sudden impulse to flee, to seek warmth and food and proper shelter, to snap my fingers at experience, and be grateful I was born among the fortunate. Something within me calls Courage! I take a room at three dollars a week with board, put my things in it, and while my feet yet ache with cold, I start to find a factory, a pickle factory, which, the matron tells me, is run by a Christian gentleman.—Factory Life of Girls.

EIGHT-HOUR DAY. (759)

Col. J. F. Kilbourne, of the Kilbourne-Jacobs Company, of Columbus, O., who never had a strike in his works, said recently:

"One thing which can and should be done to better the condition of workingmen, is to shorten the hours of labor. 'Man does not live by bread alone,' and workingmen should have greater opportunity for recreation, for sports, and for reading and study. It is their just due, and one which they have a right to demand from society. Shorter hours would lead to the shortening of the list of the unemployed, and assist in securing better wages.

"The eight-hour day is possible with labor well organized under conservative leaders. Legislation can supplement and confirm what they accomplish, but cannot secure the end sought without their united and harmonious demand.

"If an eight-hour day is established in this country in any important trade, the same would be quickly established in England, and then, more slowly, perhaps, in other competing countries."

TOLSTOY'S CONVERSION. (760)

In the university, Tolstoy was awakened by a peasant. He went to an evening party, leaving outside his coachman, a peasant, to wait until the party should end. When he comes away, he finds his coachman frozen, as he thinks, to death. The man is resuscitated finally, but Tolstoy never recovered from that moment of horror, and he could not bear the thought that while he was enjoying himself the coachman without was waiting patiently, as he thought, for death. This doing what your hand is set to do seems to Tolstoy the burden of the life of the working people; never to know consciously what part you are playing, but to be obliged to work to do something which somebody else has told you, to lose your interest in life as well as the products of your labor—that accordingly to Tolstoy is the tragedy of the people.—Jane Addams.

A LIVING AND A LIFE. (761)

It was W. E. Russell, once governor of Massachusetts, who declared to an audience of young men: "There is a vast difference between making a living and making a life." That is a distinction which we should draw and emphasize this morning. The danger to all of us, men and women, young and old, is that we often put the emphasis in the wrong place. What should be more natural than that a man should rest when weary, or that he should eat when hungry? These are legitimate needs, which ought to be ministered to, but it is a grievous mistake to consider these chief or fundamental. What sort of a soldier would we call him who when summoned in the morning to go forth to battle would insist on loitering in the mess-tents until breakfast had been served and his hunger had been satisfied? The very fact of his being a soldier would call him to the front, there to fight all day, if need be, without sustenance. This illustrates that there are higher and more precious needs to which a man or woman must first be true.

ALL GONE ASTRAY. (762)

Capitalists, workingmen, politicians, citizens—all breaking the law, or letting it be broken. Who is left to uphold it? The lawyers? Some of the best lawyers in this country are hired, not to go into court to defend cases, but to advise corporations and business firms how they can get around the law without too great a risk of punishment. The judges? Too many of them so respect the laws that for some "error" or quibble they restore to office and liberty men convicted on evidence overwhelmingly convincing to common sense. The churches? We know of one, an ancient and wealthy establishment, which had to be compelled by a Tammany hold-over health officer to put its tenements in sanitary condition. The colleges? They do not understand.

There is no one left; none but all of us. Capital is learning (with indignation at labor's unlawful acts) that its rival's contempt of law is a menace to property. Labor has shrieked the belief that the illegal power of capital is a menace to the worker. These two are drawing together. Last November when a strike was threatened by the yardmen on all the railroads centering in Chicago, the men got together and settled by raising wages, and raising freight rates too. They made the public pay. We all are doing our worst and making the public pay. The public is the people. We forget that we all are the people; that while each of us in his group can shove off on the rest the bill of today, the debt is only postponed; the rest are passing it on back to us. We have to pay in the end, every one of us. And in the end the sum total of the debt will be our liberty.—Editor McClure's Magazine.

FACTORY LIFE. (763)

For six hours the male spinner has been standing in the midst of two thousand five hundred whirling spindles, every thread of which must be incessantly watched by himself and two assistants, so that it may instantly be "pieced up" if it break, in a hot room, amid machinery roaring so loudly that one can only converse with those close at hand, and only then at the top of one's voice, amid whizzing wheels and bands, and swift straps, which would snatch off a limb for a second's carelessness; all this in hot air, so hot that in summer a great thirst scorches the throat; and for the same length of time the female weaver has been encircled by four clattering looms, with shuttles making two hundred or more picks per minute, in a "steamed" atmos-

phere; and a din even worse than that of the spinning room, and in which a deaf and dumb method of communication has to be used; while at any instant a rebellious shuttle may shoot forth and knock an eye out (I have myself frequently met young women who were thus blinded at their work), or a loose skirt may be seized by wheel or strap, and then—horror!—"The Effects of the Factory System," by Allen Clarke.

TRADE UNIONISM IN THE COUNTRY. (764)

The report of the Labor Department of the English Board of Trade for 1897 shows an increase during the year of one hundred and eighteen thousand members, reaching a total of one million six hundred and nine thousand nine hundred and nine, being the highest number yet reported. The exceptional diminution is in the number of associated farm laborers, of whom there were less than four thousand against thirty-seven thousand in 1892.

LABOR LEADER'S ADVICE. (765)

John Burns has always been a strong advocate of temperance. He has carried his devotion to temperance so far as to attack the publicans in a fashion which has arrayed against him the trade in a solid phalanx. . . . . While he is not a religious man in the conventional sense of the term, being a member of no church or chapel, he has nevertheless been all his life one of the most energetic and passionately earnest preachers of righteousness that is to be found in all London. For a man who depends absolutely for his daily bread upon the support of the working classes, he has been magnificently fearless in his denunciation of the two great vices to which they are pre-eminently addicted. For drunkenness and for betting John Burns has no toleration.—"Review of Reviews."

NO SUBSTITUTE FOR JUSTICE. (766)

[At a durbar held by the Nawâb of Bahawalpur.] A poor old villager was rushed in between two guards, so excited that he began to offer his petition some time before he arrived in the presence of the Nawâb. In spite of his impatience he was made to begin it all over again. His story was that some one had cheated him out of three annas, or three-sixteenths of a rupee. The Nawâb was so amused at the poor old fellow's anxiety that he threw him a rupee, saying, "There, that will settle it." But to the astonishment of every one, the old man was not satisfied and still wanted his three annas. He was bustled out by the guards as discontented and noisy as when he came in.—"Century Magazine."

INDEPENDENCE OF THE POOR. (767)

In 1878 the City of Glasgow Bank failed, and cast hundreds out of work. It was a terrible winter; social distress was aggravated by very severe cold. . . . The ordinary labors of charity were increased tenfold . . but the missionaries obtained abundant proofs of the courage and honesty of the mass of Scottish working men. One missionary who was given forty pounds for distribution in his district, found that the most of it would be accepted only in the form of loans, and had not less than twenty-three pounds repaid to him when work grew better in the course of the following year.—G. Adam Smith.

INDEPENDENCE OF SPEECH. (768)

I remember that he came once to speak for us in Liverpool. It was in 1876. He was a bad speaker then—had a bad halting delivery. In fact it was painful to listen to him. You would think he would break down every moment. He seemed to be constantly stuck for want of a word. It was horribly awkward for the people listening to him, but, oddly enough, it never seemed awkward to him. I remember a number of us who were on the platform near him would now and then suggest a word to him in the pauses. But he never once took a word from any of us. There he would stand with clinched fists which he shook nervously until the word he wanted came. And what struck us all, and what we talked of afterwards, was that Parnell's word was always the right word, and expressed exactly the idea in his head; our word was simply makeshift, for which he did not even thank us.—O'Brien's "Life of Parnell."

PROHIBITION OF LIQUOR TRAFFIC. (769)

Those laws, institutions and societies directed against alcoholism, and which make America a model for the world, have already produced a powerful effect for . . . the percentage of alcoholic homicide now is but 20 per cent., while in other countries it is as high as 70 per cent.—Prof. Lombroso in "North American Review."

SATISFYING RELIGION. (770)

In Japan there is a large long round radish shaped vegetable which tastes like a turnip and is used by all classes at almost every meal. This vegetable is called "Diakon."

It was at prayer meeting a few nights ago that one of the Japanese members of our Japanese church arose and said: "Christianity is just like diakon. When we look at diakon and see it in the stalk it doesn't look good, but after we eat it our hunger is satisfied and we feel good and strong. So it is with Christianity. We see Christians and wonder how they can be happy with such a plain and strict religion. But we must accept Christ and taste Him as it were, then we will have cheerful hearts and it will make us feel good just like diakon does. As diakon satisfies our hunger so Christ comes into our lives, helps us to bear all burdens, sorrows, and cheers us to go forward and to do and dare anything for Him."—J. M. Stick, Ref. Church missionary, Sendai, Japan.

BREAD AND LIFE. (771)

Traveling across a desert, an Arab once lost his way. Toiling for two days without food, he became nearly exhausted. At last he stumbled upon a little oasis, where travelers before him had halted. He trusted to find some remnant of food, but found only a little bag that had been left behind. In his eagerness he opened it, but to his disgust and disappointment he found a bag of pearls, instead of fruit or dates. Riches, but not bread. Often in life's great crises the world's most prized things are as great mockeries.

CONVICTION. (772)

J. McNeill tells the story of a British officer in India, who had been living an impure life, and went round to the chaplain to argue religion with him. During their talk, the officer said, "Religion is all very well, but you must admit there are difficulties—about the miracles for instance." The chaplain knew the man, and his habits, his besetting sin, and quietly looking him in the face, answered him, "Yes, there are some things, I'll admit, in the Bible that are not very plain, but the seventh commandment is very plain." The thrust went home.

ENFORCED CONTENTMENT. (773)

George III., walking out one morning, met a lad from the stables, and asked him: "Well, boy, what do you do? What do they pay you?" "I help in the stable," replied the lad; "but I have nothing except victuals and clothes." "Be content," replied the King, "I have no more."

FELLOW FEELING. (774)

The story goes that Henry VIII., wandering one night in the streets of London in disguise, was met by some of the watch, and, not giving a good account of himself, was shut up in the Poultry Compter for the night without fire or light. On his liberation he made a grant of thirty caldrons of coals and a quantity of bread for the night prisoners of the Compter. So in trial, power to sympathize is realized.

FOUNTAIN AND THE CUP. (775)

A certain kind friend placed a fountain by the wayside and hung a cup to it by a chain. He was told some time after that a great art critic had found much fault with its design. "But," said he, "do many thirsty people drink at it?" They told him that thousands of men and children did so, and he only smiled at the critic's verdict.

GRAVE, A RESTING PLACE. (776)

In a little churchyard in the south of England, Dean Alford lies buried, and on the tablet erected, is the beautiful inscription: "Diversorium Viatoris Hierosolymum Proficiscentes—The Inn of a Traveler on his way to Jerusalem." After the road which winds uphill, after the journey which takes the whole long day, is the hostelry, with "beds for all who come" and a quiet night

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP. (777)

Henry Demarest Lloyd of the American Federation of Labor, a student of sociology, whose panacea for the many cancer spots in the body politic is direct legislation, cooperation between employe and employer, and government ownership of public utilities, spoke at the Epworth League Convention in Detroit. He pointed to the republic of Switzerland as an example of the benefits of government ownership of railroads, all employes being given Sunday as a day of rest by legislative enactment.

"What would John Wesley say today if we could tell him the death rate in our modern sweat shops? What would he say of the rich men who are installing cotton mills in Georgia and silk mills in Pennsylvania in order to take advantage of child-labor? They are child-buyers and child-stealers, taking from us and from them their citizenship. Markets are manipulated so that the manipulators may take their neighbors' property, but the Bible says that he that takes his neighbor's substance cannot do so without gaining damnation.

"The state, the free state, the republic, is the only instrument, the sole organization through which universal obedience to the laws of love may be made practical to all. Through it alone all can serve and be served."

HYPOCRISY. (778)

An eminent painter recently exhibited a painting representing a friar in full canonicals. Viewed at a distance, you think the friar is in a praying attitude. Hands clasped, eyes meek, the good man appears quite absorbed in devotion and adoration. But take a nearer view, and he is really discovered to be squeezing a lemon into a punch bowl. Beware of those who thus deceive. The hypocrite—the man who stole the livery of heaven to serve the devil in.

"TO WHOM CAN WE TALK?" (779)

A missionary to the Northwest logging camps writes:

One night while I was talking, across the fire on the opposite side from the speaker sat a man who scarcely took his eyes off us. Thirty seasons had he spent on the river, and thirty winters in the logging camps. That day he was brought into camp so drunk he could not walk alone. He had lied to the foreman, telling him that his wife was so sick he had to go home, but instead of going home he went to the little town near by, and got on a five days' drunk. After the meeting was over, I had a personal talk with him, pleading with him to accept the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour. He was all broken up, and told me that for

twenty years he had never been inside of a church. The last day I spent on the river, I met this same man on a bend, watching the logs to keep them from "jamming." I shook hands with him, bidding him good-bye, and again pleading with him to accept the Lord Jesus Christ. He looked up into my face with great tears in his eyes and said: "Sir, we men would like to know more about these things. There are times when we want to talk to some one about such things; but to whom can we talk?"

IT CURED HIM OF LYING. (780)

The Rev. Dr. Twining, when he was pastor of the Congregational Church in Hinsdale, Mass., told of the paradoxical way in which the habit he had when a little boy of telling startling stories to his mother was once for all and completely broken up. He had prevailed on his mother, after much earnest entreaty, he said, to buy for him half a dozen Shanghai hens—Kinsley giving as a reason for the purchase that the Shanghai was a vastly better layer than the ordinary hen. After waiting a good while for some evidence of this greater fecundity his mother said to him one day: "How about your big Shanghais, Kinsley? Instead of laying better, they don't seem to have laid at all." "Yes, they are laying, I tell you, mother; there's a nest now under the cow's crib with twenty-three eggs in it." "Well, Bridget, go and get Kinsley to show you where they are, and bring them in." "Well," said the doctor, "I did not even know for certain that there was a nest there, much less that there were any eggs in it. However, as I was in for it, I went to the barn with Bridget, put my arm down into the hole in the corner of the cow's crib, felt and took out an egg, and put it in the basket. Then I reached in and took out another, until I took out in all just twenty-three eggs. Outwardly," continued the doctor, "I was triumphant, but I was soon smitten with not only remorse, but terror—terror because I thought that Satan was encouraging me to cast in my lot with him by helping me out with my mendacity. That was the last of my wrong story-telling!"—Ram's Horn.

WHAT HE HAD LOST. (781)

The following suggestive parable, which appears in Rev. Charles M. Sheldon's church paper, is unsigned, but is doubtless from the pen of the gifted author of "In His Steps:"

"He was weeping bitterly as if he had met with some great calamity, and the angel who was going by stopped and asked:

"'What is the matter?'

"'I have had a terrible loss,' replied the man.

"'I am very sorry to hear it,' said the angel with a tear of sympathy. 'Is it very terrible?'

"'Very,' answered the man weeping harder than before.

"'Would you mind telling me what it is?' asked the angel gently. 'What is it you have lost?'

"'I have lost my money!' exclaimed the man, weeping as if his heart would break.

"'Oh,' said the angel, 'is that all? I thought from the way you were weeping that you had lost your soul.'"

LONG PRAYER. (782)

When Dr. Grenfell, superintendent of the Labrador branch of the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, was at the Moody Bible institute, he related the circumstances of his conversion.

He was on outdoor work, connected with the London hospital in 1883. One night he was going by the tabernacle erected on the Thames embankment for the Moody and Sankey meetings. Though not specially interested in religion, he turned in to see what the meeting was like, and found a seat at the rear.

Soon after he entered Mr. Moody called on some elderly man to lead in prayer. The prayer dragged on and on, and Dr. Grenfell was about to leave when he saw Mr. Moody come to the front of the platform and say,

"Let us sing hymn No. —— while brother ——— is finishing his prayer."

This won Dr. Grenfell's respect for Mr. Moody, and he stayed through the meeting. He remembers the text, "Rejoice in the Lord alway, and again I say, Rejoice," (Phil. 4: 4), and while he took no stand for Christ that night, he soon found his Saviour.

WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING SINCE? (783)

In 1897 Dr. Grenfell was in Boston. Mr. Moody was holding meetings in Tremont Temple at the time. Dr. Grenfell sought him out at his hotel—the first time they had ever met—and told Mr. Moody he owed his conversion to him 14 years before.

"What have you been doing since?" was Mr. Moody's immediate question.

CANNON BALL OPENS SPRING. (784)

During the great siege of Sebastopol, a Russian shell buried itself in the side of a hill without the city, and opened a spring. A little fountain bubbled forth where the cannon shot had fallen, and during the remainder of the siege afforded to the thirsty troops, who were stationed in that vicinity, an abundant supply of pure cold water. Thus the missile of death from an enemy, under the direction of an over-ruling Providence, proved an almoner of mercy to the parched and weary soldiery of the allies. So often the efforts of men against God's kingdom have been overruled to its furtherance. Every great attack upon the Bible has opened a new fountain of its truth to supply the wants of God's people.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE. (785)

There was once a famous cape that was reputed to be a fatal barrier to navigation. Of all those whom the winds or the currents had drawn into its waters it was said that none had reappeared. A bold navigator determined to surmount the obstacles. He opened the route to the East Indies, acquired for his country the riches of the world, and changed the Cape of Storms into the Cape of Good Hope. So Christ has proved Himself death's conquerer, and made the grave to be the gate to life for us.

SOUL AND BODY. (786)

A white haired woman was speaking to a company of young people in an Endeavor meeting. As a young woman she had enjoyed wealth, the social prestige of an eminent family, and the graces of a highly favored life. As the years passed, all these had vanished save the graces of personal refinement. With a sunny face she talked to the young people, and closed with these words: "When I was a girl, I was taught in effect that I was a body and had a soul; the best lesson I have learned through the years since then is that I am a soul and have a body."—W. A. Knight.

BREAK YOUR IDOLS. (787)

Matt. 10: 39. The priests of an idol temple in India offered Mahmoud the Image Breaker a princely sum if he would spare their idol. He was deaf to their entreaties, seized a hammer, and struck the idol one blow. To his amazement, from the shattered image there rained down at his feet a shower of pearls and other precious stones—treasures of fabulous value, which had been hidden within it! If he had spared the idol, he would have lost all this wealth. "So let us not spare our idols. If we shatter them, there will rain about our hearts the very treasures of heaven, the gifts and graces of the Holy Spirit."

SOUL INSURANCE. (788)

Matt. 16: 26. A man who had large possessions took a life insurance policy for a large amount. The next day his little boy startled him by asking, "Pa, is your soul insured?" He said, "I heard Uncle George say that you had your house insured and your life insured, but he didn't believe you had thought of your soul, and he was afraid you would lose it; won't you get it insured right away?" How foolish to take great care of what endures for only a few days, and neglect what will last through eternity!—C. E. World.

HALF A POINT WRONG. (789)

A gentleman crossing the English Channel stood near to the helmsman. It was a calm and pleasant evening, and no one dreamed of a possible danger to their good ship, but a sudden flapping of a sail, as if the wind had shifted, caught the ear of the officer on watch, and he sprang at once to the wheel, examining closely the compass. "You are a half point off your course!" he said sharply to the man at the wheel. The deviation was corrected, and the officer returned to his post.

"You must steer very accurately," said the looker-on, "when only a half point is so much thought of."

"Ah! half a point in many places might bring us directly on the rock," he said.

So it is in life. Half a point from strict truthfulness strands upon the rocks of falsehood.

Half a point from perfect honesty, and we are steering for the rocks of crime. And so of kindred vices. The beginnings are always small.—Exchange.

Light from History.

By the Rev. S. A. Morse, D. D.

AS TO RELIGIOUS SCEPTICISM. (790)

A late writer, himself a scientist (Thomas Jay Hudson), calls the agnosticism of science a hard name when he defines it as "aggressive ignorance," and touches the agnostic in what must be a tender spot when he says that he is "simply an atheist without the courage of his convictions." Well, ignorance has no message to men who want to know the chief things—whence came I? and, whither go I? And the world will not listen to men in whose tones it detects the note of insincerity or cowardice. It is Jesus with his "verily, verily," to whom the world gives ear, and not to those who, like Montaigne, have for a life motto, "Who knows?" A good illustration of what the longing heart does not want to hear is

THE WAIL OF MATTHEW ARNOLD. (791)

"The sea of faith
Was once, too, at its full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating to the breath
Of the night-wind down the vast edges drear,
And naked shingles of the world.
Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on the darkling plain,
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and of flight,
Where ignorance armies close by night."

THOREAU'S LAMENT. (792)

In one of his peculiar moods Thoreau complained against his pantheistic worship that it failed to satisfy the deeper needs of his consciousness, and expressed the sadness of his inner life in these lines:

"Amid such boundless wealth without,
I only still am poor within;
The birds have sung their summer out,
But still my spring does not begin."

—Dorchester's Problem of Religious Progress, p. 131.

AFTER ALL, SCEPTICS ARE CREDULOUS. (793)

Napoleon said to Duroc, and Charles II also said to Vossius, the celebrated free-thinker, when each was repeating some incredible story, "This is a very strange man, he believes everything but the Bible!"

Dean Trench, expounding the parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus, says that "it is of the very character of unbelief to give to portents and prodigies that credence which it refuses to the truth of God. Caligula, who mocked at the existence of the gods, would hide himself under a bed when it thundered; and superstition and unbelief are as twin births of the corrupt heart of man. They are of these extremes whose nature it is to meet."

IF NOT THE GOSPEL, THEN GHOSTS. (794)

Bayle and Chillingworth, two of the most sceptical of mankind, turned Catholic from sincere conviction. Johnson, incredulous on all other points, was a ready believer in miracles and apparitions. He would not believe in Ossian; but he was willing to believe in second sight. He would not believe in the earthquake of Lisbon; but he was willing to believe in the Cock Lane Ghost.—Macauly's Essay on Von Rauke.

"NOT THIS MAN, BUT" DREAMS AND OMENS. (795)

The Marquis D'Argens was one of that abject class of minds which are superstitious without being religious. Hating Christianity with a rancor which made him incapable of rational inquiry, unable to see in the harmony and beauty of the universe traces of divine power and wisdom, he was the slave of dreams and omens, would not sit down at the table with thirteen in company, turned pale if the salt fell toward him, begged his guests not to cross their knives and forks on their plates, and would not, for the world, commence a journey on Friday.—Ib. on Frederick the Great.

JOHN RANDOLPH'S CONTRADICTIONS. (796)

He was a strange compound of opposing qualities. He was brilliant without sound sense; morose and irascible with a kindly heart towards friends; an apparently gloomy fatalist—almost an atheist, at times—yet overflowing frequently with pious thoughts and sentiments. It is said that, on one occasion, he ascended a lofty spur of the Blue Ridge at dawn, and from that magnificent observatory saw the sun rise. As its light burst in beauty and glory over the vast panorama before him, he turned to his servant and said, with deep emotion, "Tom, if anybody says there is no God, tell them they lie."—Lossing's Eminent Americans, p. 294.

$350 FOR A SERMON.

Following is an interview quoted from the New York Sun:

"I know of one church whose rector goes away very early on account of his health. The congregation likes good preaching. For about six or seven Sundays after their rector goes away that congregation has to pay from $150 to $200 for a sermon.

"That seems like a pretty high price. It is a good price for the preacher, but the congregation is a wealthy one.

"The church wanted for one Sunday a certain man who lives at a distance from New York—three or four day's travel. The vestry offered him $350 to preach one sermon. Of course the offer was made on the basis that the minister would have to travel some distance.

"There was no reply to the offer for about two weeks. When the reply was made it was mailed in this city. The preacher was here on his vacation. The letter had been forwarded to him here, and he accepted the offer.

"He did not understand that the offer was made on condition that he make the trip especially, and, for that matter, what was the difference so long as the church got the sermon? Did he knock off anything because he happened to be on the ground? Not he. It was a business matter with him.

"Personally I did not blame him. But one of the vestry protested, and, when asked why, he replied:

"'I don't blame him for accepting the offer because he was on the ground, but I heard him preach the same sermon two years ago when I was in the city where he lives.'

"These extra prices for extra sermons are usually met by the men who handle the finances of the church. The offerings at this season of the year are not sufficient to pay the bill.

"In the case of the $350 sermon I happen to know that the offerings from six plates amounted to $14.60. The offering was not for any special purpose, and, while the congregation was tolerably large numerically, those present were what we call floaters. Never heard of church floaters?"

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THE HOMILETIC YEAR—SEPTEMBER.

By G. B. F. Hallock, D. D.

Labor Day and Rally Day.

LABOR DAY.

A Labor demonstration in a European capital is apt to be an occasion for governmental and popular anxiety; but a great labor parade in any of our American cities gives the public authorities and the people no more concern than would a Sunday School procession. It is not a demonstration of the unemployed or the aggrieved, but an outpouring of wage earners celebrating the day set apart by the State in recognition of the dignity of labor and the standing of the laborer. It is a characteristic parade of American workingmen, creditable alike to themselves and to the country. We are glad to say also that the favorite way of observing Labor Day in America is not by a tiresome parade, but by picnics in the parks and in the country. Upon the recurrence of the day the wheels of industry are stopped, the operations of finance are suspended, the merchant closes his store, the manufacturer his factory, and the entire community makes holiday with the artisan. There are many valuable moral and religious thoughts closely connected with labor,—its facts, duties and its phases. We think the Sabbath before Labor Day or the one following offers the alert minister of the Gospel of Christ—the carpenter's son—an opportunity to present many important lessons.

The first Monday in September is Labor Day.

The Dignity of Service: "I am among you as he that serveth." Luke 22: 27.

The disciple needs to realize that there can be no loss of respectability in being humble, in becoming a servant for Christ's sake. No one but Uriah Heep ever loses respectability by being humble. Is Christ less respectable for having girded Himself with a towel and having become a servant among His disciples? Will any disciple of His lose respectability by stooping to serve even the lowly ones in the name of the Master? No, we must get rid of this fear of lowering our dignity by the humility of service.

The Master said, "I am among you as one that serveth." To His followers He taught the new strange doctrine that true honor comes to him who, like his Master, is willing to humble himself, and take the "form of a servant." "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant." Imperishable is the honor of the Good Samaritan because he was willing to get down off his beast and become a servant to the man in need. The more we serve the greater our dignity.—Author Unknown.

Labor a Necessity: "Go work today in my vineyard." Matt. 21: 28.

Passing a mill one day, Gotthold recollected the wise observation of a certain prince: "Man's heart is like a millstone. Pour in corn, and round it goes, bruising and grinding, and converting it into flour; whereas give it no corn, and the stone indeed turns round but only grinds itself away, and becomes even thinner and smaller and narrower. Even so the heart of man requires to have always something to do; and happy he that continually occupies it with good and holy thoughts: otherwise it may soon consume, and waste itself by useless anxieties, or wicked and carnal suggestions."

The best remedy for despondency is activity. The most miserable people in the world are those who have nothing to do.—Author Unknown.

The Carpenter's Son: "Is not this the carpenter?" Mark 6: 3.

"Is not this the carpenter?" As though no words of wisdom or works of power could come from a carpenter! If Jesus had been a rabbi, in a scholar's robe, it would have been another thing. Yes, and what another thing for us, and for all the world's workers! Celsus sneered at the carpenter, and said that word proved that Jesus was an imposter. How could God so demean Himself? But the world has left Celsus behind, along with the critics of Nazareth, and blesses God for the gentleness and comfort, the sympathy and hope, which were given to us by the hands of the Carpenter.

It suits our best sense that the one who spoke of "putting the hand to the plow," and "taking the yoke upon us," should have made plows and yokes Himself, and men do not think His words less heavenly for not smelling of books and lamps. Let us not make the mistake of those Nazarenes. That Jesus was a carpenter was to them poor credentials of divinity, but it has been divine credentials to the poor ever since. Let us not be deceived by social ratings and badges of the schools. Hundreds of doors are not to be unlocked by Phi Beta Kappa keys.

Carey was a cobbler, but he had a map of the world on his shop wall, and outdid Alexander the Great in dreaming and doing. Many a weaver and tinker and stonecutter and hand worker has had open windows and a sky, and a mind with wings. What thoughts were in the mind of Jesus at His work-bench! One of them was that the kingdoms of this world should become the kingdoms of God—at any cost! Let us go into the Carpenter's shop and learn some lessons:

I. The dignity of toil.—The Architect of the universe, by whom all things were created, when for love's sake He became a man, made plows and yokes. The loftiest soul did lowliest work. Hard hands belonged to the gentlest heart. The Son of God would not have an exceptional lot, but

a common one. He must know how most men feel, and so He became a wage-earner and a day laborer. Now let all men know that work, the duty of Eden, the condition of health, the law of progress, the salt of manhood, the safeguard of virtue, bears forever the sign manual of God. Now let all men feel the disgrace of idleness and hail the infinite dignity of the words that came from the heart of the Creator and the lips of the Carpenter: "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."

II. Divine sympathy in toil.—What this means to men, may mean to us, is beyond words. "What does the unseen Framer of the world know or care about my daily tasks?" Dare you look the Carpenter of Nazareth in the face and say that again? The words, "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father," brings to us immediately the assurance of the divine sympathy. Of course, the Omniscient knows everything, but now we know that He knows with a new certainty and nearness. See the lackluster eye of the worker who knows not the love of God as Christ revealed it. Now see him after he has known Christ. He is resting at noon in his shop, reading the words, Mark 6:3: "Is not this the carpenter?"

"Yes, yes, a Carpenter; same trade as mine.
It warms my heart as I read that line.
I can stand the hard work, I can stand the poor pay,
For I'll see that Carpenter at no distant day."

How like the Lord are the words of the "Logia," lately found in Egypt: "Lift the stone and thou shalt find me; cleave the wood and there am I!" Lift up your head, lift up your heart, toiler of the common day; your Savior has drunk the cup you are drinking. He knows how it tastes. Let the thought of His loving sympathy stir your heart to new hope and love and loyalty.—Maltbie D. Babcock, D. D.

Religion and Labor: "Labor for the meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of man shall give unto you." John 6:27.

I. The analogy. 1. Religion is life everlasting. 2. Is sustained by spiritual meat. 3. The means of sustenance are obtained by labor. 4. The Son of man employs the laborer to give him the required meat.

II. The inference. 1. Religion does not depend on feeling. (1) In its beginning; (2) In its requirements; (3) But upon labor. 2. No one labors for temporal meat only when he feels like it. 3. It would be absurd for the preacher to announce: (1) I will preach in this church next Sunday, if I feel like it; (2) The sexton will open and warm up the church, if he feels like it; (3) Christians will come and worship, if they feel like it; (4) Equally absurd is it for sinners to say they would seek the Lord or come to Christ if they feel like it. 4. We labor for a livelihood because it is so ordained. 5. We must labor for life everlasting for the same reason.—Author Unknown.

Paul's Tentmaking: "And because he was of the same craft, he abode with them, and wrought; for by their occupation they were tentmakers." Acts 18:3.

What makes the difference between the geologist with his hammer and the man who breaks stone on the road? between the work of caring for old bones in the British Museum, and that of the old-bone man in the streets? It is the mind and purpose they put in it, one working only with his hands, the other by the same work entering into the mind of the Creator, and reading the history God wrote in the rocks ages ago. So the motive to do good, the desire for the glory of God, the service of Jesus Christ, transfigures and transforms daily toil, like the sun shining on the dark fogs and clouds of earth, and making them radiant as the gate of heaven.

"A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine."

The work at tentmaking with such a Christian as Aquila would give Paul every advantage for using all possible time in preaching the gospel. The customers and workmen coming into the shop would give Paul an opportunity of reaching many.

In the recently discovered "Logia" are the words, "Raise the stone and there shalt thou find me; cleave the wood and I am there." These words have been interpreted in a poem by Prof. Henry Van Dyke as representing that Christ and His conscious presence may be found in the common things of life, as Babia found in her experience.

The poem represents a young man seeking for Christ, when after a long and fruitless search, Christ Himself appears to him and says:

"Where the many toil together, there am
I among my own;
Where the tired workman sleepeth, there
am I with him alone;
I, the peace that passeth knowledge, dwell
amid the daily strife;
I, the bread of heaven, am broken in the
sacrament of life.
Every task, however simple, sets the soul
that does it free;
Every deed of love and mercy done to
men is done to me.
Thou hast learned the peaceful secret;
thou hast come to me for rest;
With thy burden, in thy labor, thou art,
Felix, doubly blest.
Nevermore thou needest seek me; I am
with thee everywhere;
Raise the stone and thou shalt find Me;
cleave the wood, and I am there."

But this does not deny that the search for Christ even here is aided by many spiritual exercises, and that there are many other places where he may be found.—F. N. Peloubet, D. D.

Does the Bible Represent Labor as a Curse? Gen. 1:28.

I. First, Statements in Scripture respecting the primal curse. The intelligent

reader knows that no curse was ever pronounced against labor, but that the "ground" was cursed. There is all the difference here that there would be between, for illustration, two ways slightly divergent at first, as wide apart as the poles at last. That this is the view that should be taken, and that the mere problem of labor was not meant to bear the whole burden of the curse, is evident from the joyous charge given the first man before he committed sin and any curse that followed. That charge involved labor, and in connection with the labor it is to be distinctly observed that the charge was a part of a blessing and not curse. "God blessed them and God said—replenish the earth and subdue it." It is also stated that "God put the man into the garden to dress it and keep it." Here is labor obviously set forth in "subduing" the earth, in "dressing and keeping" the garden before the fall and curse.

II. Second, by the words and themes employed in the Bible which necessarily bring the topic of labor, and idleness its opposite before the mind. These occur in both Testaments. Thus: "The hand of the diligent maketh rich." "He that gathereth by labor shall increase." "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." "In all labor there is profit." "Not slothful in business." "This we command you that if any would not work neither shall he eat." And that the curse upon the ground had more reference to thorns and thistles which it should spontaneously grow, than to specific blight upon labor, is evidenced in the Old Testament words explanatory of the curse, conjoined with that in which the Apostle Paul, in the New Testament, places an interpretation upon them. Thus, Gen. 3:18: "Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee;" Paul, Heb. 6:7: "The earth which drinketh in the rain that cometh oft upon it, and bringeth forth herbs meet for them by whom it is dressed, receiveth blessing from God; but that which beareth thorns and briars is rejected." To make this truth still more apparent, it should be added that the concurrent opinion of Bible students, deduced from Gen. 2:8, 9, 15, has been that the original employment of man, that is, previous to the fall and curse, was tilling of the ground.

III. Third, the extended mention of the labors of God in creation, His subsequent rest from them, His calling all "good," His establishment of the Sabbath as a memorial of the divine hallowing of a season of rest after labor. Could God have entered upon cursed labor, and so have cursed Himself?

IV. Fourth, it is the scripturally revealed method by which the world's progress and happiness is to be realized. Could God curse Himself in providing it? Scores of passages refute such a supposition, which is unthinkable. Every appeal to us proves a designed honorable struggle. Every power which any member of the race possesses, mental, moral, esthetical, physical, would, without exercise, be as though it were not. It is the intensity and regularity with which these are exerted, which move the world of thinkers, engineers, artists, preachers and all others in every phase of work by means of which men get their bread "in the sweat of their face," but alike contribute honorably to the advancement of the world. To this is added the universal pleasure and profit in such labor, however irksome. One of the very last of the late ex-Speaker Thos. B. Reed's magazine articles interrogated a political advocate of further tariff revision in these striking words: "Is anything now the matter with our people? When are people most prosperous and happy? When they are all at work." There is revealed, as well as human experimental, wisdom in Mr. Reed's few words. They ought to be in bas relief over the rendezvous of every lodge of workmen in the land, and over the entrance door of every college. Labor is no curse, nor ever was.

V. Fifth, it is the Scripturally revealed and humanly proved process by which the morals of mankind are largely upheld and religion furthered among men. What does your adage mean that Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do? What does your familiar Bible proverb voice when it says, "Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep; so shall thy poverty come as one that travaileth, and thy want as an armed man?" Why does the law close drinking rooms upon election, holidays, or other dates when the masses are unoccupied? One has only to consider the physical and spiritual degeneracy of the comparatively few who have much money and idleness on their hands, to know what the result would be if all had an equal amount of money and to the same extent were idle. It is the Bible that says the sleep of a laboring man is sweet.

VI. Sixth, no treatment of this subject, however short, is complete without a reference to Christ and the apostles. Not much is made of Joseph being a carpenter, but the inference is plain that our Lord was humanly conditioned by the sights and sounds of that occupation. The first disciples and apostles were most, if not all, laborers in the ordinary sense. Paul and Aquila were tent-makers. The labor of Christ's ministry was at least as arduous as that of any minister, lawyer, physician, or hard working miner or stoker of today. It had infinitely more of mental anxiety, heart yearning and soul trouble in it.—T. C. Potter, D. D.

The Moral Value of a Daily Task: "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." John 5:17. "Six days shalt thou labor." Ex. 20:9.

No feeling is more common that that of impatience at the regular and uniform recurrence of one's daily work. To do almost the same tasks—and most of them commonplace tasks—is likely to become irksome, and to give rise to depreciation of one's work. But there is another and

brighter side to the matter. The daily task is one of the greatest blessings of life.

I. One of the advantages of its regular performance is that it gives zest to our recreations and diversions. It makes the holiday or the vacation a real boon, and enables the worker to enter into its best uses and to reap its best rewards. What enjoyment of a holiday does a man ever know who can never tell on any morning what he is to do that day? There can be no enjoyment of vacation to one whose whole life is a vacation. People who do not work do not know what rest is. Those who have no regular employment find their leisure a burden, and their life is full of ennui and restlessness. A daily task is a sure preventive of such a result. It is, in great part, the divine ordinance of six days' work which makes the day of rest so great a blessing to man.

II. Then, too, the daily task is a great aid to virtuous living. Idleness and vice have very close affinities. The vicious and criminal classes are not recruited, in any great measure, from the ranks of the regularly employed. They are made up of the lazy and shiftless, whose work is at most an occasional odd job. If the physical and mental powers are steadily employed in the performance of some daily task, there is little of time and energy left for the pursuit of those indulgences to which idleness is so favorable. Moreover, the necessity of doing the daily work of life operates as a warning against even occasional lapses into dissipation and its attendant vices. All laborers know that periodic sprees imperil their every interest as workingmen, and will sooner or later ruin their occupations. All the interests which are bound up with the daily task —and they are among the greatest interests of life—thus utter their protest against sinful and harmful indulgences which becloud the brain and enervate the physical powers.

III. The daily task is also a great blessing because it affords an outlet for the energies. The forces within us must find some expression and employment. If they do not find it in anything that is useful, they will pretty surely find it in something that is useless, or worse than useless. The bodily powers, for example, must be employed if they are to be restrained from falling a prey to temptation and vice. Just here is found a main reason why so many experienced educators are led to approve of a devotion to athletic exercises and contests among college students which to many seem to involve an excessive outlay of time and strength. This is very probably the case in some instances. But those who know from observation the temptations to which large numbers of young man are exposed, in consequence alike of their energetic youth and of their aggregation together, are led to look with more favor upon the numerous outdoor sports and contests which are now prevalent, than would those who do not appreciate the facts. It is a fact that athletics has greatly diminished what is often called—and not altogether inappropriately—college vandalism.

IV. These considerations illustrate an important point connected with the moral value of the daily task. Vigorous and constant employment is a great protection against the misuse of our energies. Its value is thus distinctly moral. Our daily work is not merely useful because it yields us a living in the sense of enabling us to exist. It is useful because it tends to make life worth living,—because it gives to existence some meaning and worth. Nor does it do this merely negatively, by holding the life back from vicious employments. It does so positively by giving to each life a sense of accomplishing something of the work of the world,—the sense of doing a man's part in the support and improvement of human life.

It would certainly be incorrect to suppose that all workers actually associate this meaning with their daily work. To many their work is mere drudgery and it is so largely because they have no sense of its meaning and use, either for themselves or for others. But this does not invalidate the claim that it is the worker's privilege to feel that his work is a part of the great world's busy life, and that, in doing it faithfully and well, he is contributing his share to the well-being of his fellow-men, as well as securing his own.

V. But the moral value of the daily task is also clearly seen in its disciplinary effect upon character. A regular employment has a great steadying power; it trains and directs the energies, and develops the habit of application and persistence. A part of the discipline of the student life is found in the daily recurrence of a set task. This tends to fix the habit of doing every day's work as it comes. The daily task is the foe of procrastination and caprice in the doing of one's work. Its value is seen when one observes the way in which men, so soon as left to themselves, often cease all regular and systematic work, and become the creatures of their impulses and moods. To most persons the requirement which must be met each day is necessary to hold them to any constancy in work; the task must be imposed by others, and its performance enforced by constant watchfulness. Even to such the requirement is a blessing, because it operates as a constraining force to hold the man to some useful employment. But only those gain the truest benefit from the daily task who have learned to impose it upon themselves, or, at least, to acquiesce cheerfully in its requirements. No doubt every man's daily work is a good thing for him, whether he sees it to be so or not; but if he has arrived at that view of his work which enables him to go to it every day in the spirit of appreciation and freedom, if he is able clearly to see its value and use as a means of developing his powers, the work has certainly assumed a new importance for his life which it could not otherwise have had.

It is a great gain for any man to see that

his daily work is not merely a means of living, but that, if it is well done, it is living; that life, in any proper meaning of it, consists in the development of qualities which give it worth and usefulness, and that this development is largely accomplished by the doing of one's daily task. Perseverance, industry, and economy are not mere commercial or prudential qualities in a man. They are moral qualities; they are elements of character; and it is in these virtues that the daily work of life is constantly schooling us. Let no man despise his work, if it is honest and faithfully done. By despising it he is casting discredit upon himself; for it is certain that this daily work has done its full share in making any manhood which he possesses.—Author Unknown.

WORK.

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place, or tranquil room,
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray—
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done, in the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest.
Because I know for me my work is best.
—Henry Van Dyke.

Worker or Pauper, Which? No man has a right to enjoy the good things of this world and make no return for them. The accident of inherited money cannot save such a man from being a pauper. Charlotte Stetson places the duty of work very clearly:

Shall I not work?
Shall it be said—"He took from all the world,
Of its accumulated countless wealth,
As much as he could hold, and never gave"?
Spiritless beggar! pauper! parasite!
Life is not long enough to let me work
As I desire; but all the years shall hold,
Shall I pour forth. Perhaps it may be mine
To do some deed was never done before,
And clear my obligation to the world.
—Louis Albert Banks, D. D.

The Music of Labor: Numerous trades-unions throughout the East whose members are musically inclined have arranged to hold a great musical festival in New York City. Sixty-three singing societies, belonging to trades-unions in different cities and towns, are to take part in it. The singing club from one town is made up of weavers, another of miners, another of cabinet-makers, and so on. The festival will be a sort of labor celebration, and the songs sung will illustrate the hopes, aspirations, joys, and sufferings of the nation's toilers as represented in trades-unions. The singing societies from the mining districts will sing "The Miners' Lot," while the weavers will sing "The Weavers," by Heinrich Heine. How happy it would be for the whole world of mankind if such justice and kindliness ruled everywhere in the labor world that men and women would burst forth into songs as they went about their toil, voicing the gladness and thanksgiving of their hearts! No man can do his best work in this world until he can go about it in the singing spirit. Lowell wrote with true poetic insight when he gave as a part of the inheritance most to be grateful for in the lot of the poor man's son that he has "a heart that in his labor sings."—Louis Albert Banks, D. D.

Insane From Idleness: It is reported that seven men were removed from the King's County penitentiary to insane asylums in one week who were driven mad by the lack of employment. Work is a sweet refuge for man, physically, mentally, and morally. To bend one's mind and heart to performing a task worth doing is the surest path to peace. In good, honest work, needed for the advancement of humanity, one comes into close fellowship with Him who ever works, and who is "the Lord of Peace." Christ put the crown on the head of the worker when He said: "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."—Louis Albert Banks, D. D.

The Poor Man's Christ: How much more Jesus Christ has meant to the world because He lived a life of toil and hard work, and knew the exactions of poverty and self denial! His ancestry had in its list many a poor toiler like Ruth the gleaner. He spent His boyhood playing in the shavings of a humble little carpenter shop in Nazareth. He knew what it was to be lonely and tired. He was touched with our infirmities at every point, and yet kept His soul spotless and never lost His divine courage. What a wicked thing it is when any one undertakes to set a working people against Christ! Up from slavery to justice and noble manhood, He will lead to a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.—Louis Albert Banks, D. D.

The Blessing of Work: "If any man will not work, neither let him eat." 2 Thes. 3: 10.

Some persons have the impression that work is part of the curse that sin brought into the world. They imagine that if our first parents had not fallen, they would never have had anything to do, that they would have walked about forever among the trees of Paradise and by the rivers, having a good time. They suppose that they were doomed to work as part of the penalty of their sin.

But this is a mistaken impression, which a careful reading of the story of Eden and the fall will quickly remove. We learn here that after the creation the Lord took the man, and put him in the garden of Eden to "dress it and to keep it." That is, work was part of the unfallen life in Paradise. It was never meant that man should have noth-

ing to do. Idleness was no part of the Edenic happiness.

No doubt the fall changed the character of work. Man was turned out of the garden; and these words were spoken to him, "Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in toil shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field; in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground."

I. We may infer that before the fall work was congenial and pleasant, without burden or care, and that after sin had left its blight upon the earth work became toil, with vexing and sorrow, with thorns and thistles for yield instead of golden harvests. Yet we must never forget that work was part of man's lot, even in Paradise. Therefore work itself is not a curse, but a blessing. All life testifies to this. Everywhere we find work one of the conditions of good and happiness. God Himself is active. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," said the Master. God is never idle. The Decalogue enjoins work as a divine ordinance. "Six days shalt thou labor."

II. Jesus sanctified labor by working with His own hands as a carpenter. St. Paul wrought in a common trade while engaged in some of the most wonderful missionary work the world has ever known. He was never ashamed of being a workman, but gloried in the fact that his own hands had ministered to his necessities. He also spoke strongly in commendation of work, and stingingly of the reproach of idleness. "If any will not work, neither let them eat." Then he added that he had heard of some that walked among the Christians disorderly, that worked not at all, but were busybodies. That is, being idle, with nothing to do, they busied themselves in other people's affairs, not helping them, but meddling, gossiping. These persons the apostle commanded and exhorted that they work quietly, and eat their own bread,—bread earned with their own hands.

III. It would be easy to gather from the pen of many writers strong words on the blessing of work. For example, this from Emerson: "Work in every hour, paid or unpaid; see only that thou work, and thou canst not escape the reward; whether thy work be fine or coarse, planting corn or writing epics, so only it be honest work, done to thine own approbation, it shall earn a reward to the senses as well as to the thought. No matter how often defeated, you are born to victory. The reward of a thing well done is to have done it."

Henry Drummond said: "The three ingredients of a perfect life are—work, which gives opportunity; God, who gives happiness; love, that gives warmth. Whenever the world is all wrong, seemingly, examine your life and see if one of these ingredients is not wanting. The ideal perfect and divine life was spent, not with a book, but with a hammer and saw. There is nothing greater in the world than the simple doing of everyday tasks. Work is our moral education; no work, no opportunities. The farm is not a place only for the growing of stock; the shop is not the place for the growing of machines alone. They are the place for the growing of souls."

IV. Work is one of the best means of grace. Whatever helps in one's growth and development of life and character is a means of grace. Without work one never can grow. Idleness breeds disease. It is always unwholesome. No matter how much money one may have, though it be unnecessary for him to earn anything, yet for the sake of the saving of his own life and for his mere physical well-being, he ought to do his share in the world's work. We have no right to our daily bread until we have earned it. We must work, too, for the sake of others. Not to do anything is to be a parasite, giving nothing to the world which gives us so many blessings.

V. One cannot be a good Christian and be idle, unless one is physically disqualified for labor of every kind; in such a case the blessing comes upon the willing heart, though the hands must be folded. Prayer without work is but one wing of the soul, which can only flutter along the ground and cannot fly. There are times when even holy devotions must be given up for holier duty. Among the legends of the monastic orders it is written: "Although St. Francesca was unwearied in her devotions, yet if during her prayers she was called away by her husband or any domestic duty, she would close the book cheerfully, saying that a wife and mother when called upon must quit her God at the altar to find Him in her domestic affairs." This is very suggestive. There are times when to stay on one's knees at prayer would be sin: God calls to some imperative service, and His call must be obeyed.

When we pray that grace may abound in us, and that we may become more and more like Christ, the blessing will not likely come in frames of mind, in devout feelings, in exalted spiritual states, but in new calls to duty, to service, to work,—

"Till there seems room for everything but Thee,
And never time for anything but these."

It is in our work that God comes nearest to us, and that Christ enters most deeply into our experiences, and brings to us the sweetest joy.—J. R. Miller, D. D.

RALLY DAY.

The Sunday School, like other good causes, has a fight to wage not only with outside foes but also against the lukewarmness and indifference of many of its professed friends. Among other drawbacks is the summer vacation. Every year there is an exodus of many thousands from the schools during the hot months. Some of them are slow in returning and many never come back. Rally Day is an established method for the purpose of bringing back those wanderers and of inaugurating a vigorous campaign for the ensuing season. It should be observed with vigor in every

church. The day observed is usually the last Sabbath in September.

Steps To Be Taken Before Rally Day: 1. Bring the subject as soon as practicable before the officers and teachers of your school. 2. Give out notices from your desk at least three Sabbaths before the appointed day, dwelling upon its subjects and advantages. 3. Enjoin the teachers to look up all the scholars in their respective classes and to write letters to absentees. 4. Summon a meeting of teachers and officers for conference and prayer and then and there arrange the details of the service and especially for the visitation of scholars and for the canvass for new scholars. 5. See that pulpit notices are prepared and duly announced for at least two weeks before the appointed day.

Rally Day Reasons: There are two or three things that every person who attends Sunday School has observed without effort.

First, that the average attendance is generally a third to forty per cent. less than what is called "The Enrollment." That is to say, that three or four out of every ten persons who belong to the school are sure to be absent every Sunday. While a few of these may occasionally have a sufficient reason for staying away, the most of them seem to think that a poor excuse is not only "better than none," but just as valid as the best of reasons. They don't care, and some of them don't care if they don't care, and there they rest.

Second, everybody knows that—

"The Fathers and Mothers they seldom come nigh us.
"Big Sisters and Brothers their presence deny us."

And, third, that in summer time, especially in the cities, the interest flags and the attendance dwindles down to a mere "corporal's guard."

The school "runs down," and, like a clock, if it is not wound up again, it is liable to stop entirely. Teachers and scholars, too, go off on their summer vacations, and sometimes, when they return, they forget to go back to the Sunday School.

Some people's forgetters are very reliable.

Well, "Rally Day" is the remedy for these three well known facts about the Sunday School. It is a day when special effort shall be made, not only to gather back into the fold these straying irregular sheep and lambs, but also to gather in some of the parents and church officers who are always prompt and regular about staying away altogether. Surely one day in the year is none too often for the workers to get after the shirkers, and try to coax or persuade or entice, if not to actually drive them in where they belong! For, be it known to all professing Christians, that since the Sunday School is one of the regular public services of the church, every person who belongs to church belongs to the Sunday School as well. They are not all and always found where they belong, but they belong there, all the same. If by special effort and by an attractive Rally Day program, you can gather them all in you have a chance to "get them by the ears," and then perhaps you can tap them on the conscience in such a way as to awaken it, and get them to "turn over a new leaf," and begin to go to Sunday School, and do it regularly.—Rev. C. D. Meigs.

Rallying Day Methods: How is the rallying idea to be thoroughly worked? This is a question that local conditions have to settle. There are many methods which have been successful under the right conditions. It is found that, to make something more than a surface impression on the people, hard work is absolutely essential, and that a grand hurrah on Rally Day is almost worthless in making a lasting impression on a parish. The sky-rocket method might have been satisfactory in the "good old days" we hear so much of, but it will never lay rock bottom foundations in the twentieth century.

To illustrate what is meant, Zion's Evangelical Lutheran Sunday School, of Sanbury, Penn., called its teachers together a few days previously, to plan for Rally Day. Each teacher was appointed chairman of a committee composed of the members of her class, to invite absent members to be present and look after new members. The Christian Endeavor Society also cooperated in the work, and as a result, the increase in attendance over the previous Sunday was a hundred and seventy members. St. James Methodist Episcopal Sunday School, of Chicago, began preliminary work by making a house to house canvass of the district surrounding the church, aggregating nearly a square mile. Twelve hundred calls were made. In addition to the caller's personal invitation, an invitation card was left at the house.

Following this systematic canvass, and a few days previous to Rally Day, embossed souvenir cards bearing beautifully colored representations of autumn leaves were mailed to members of the school, a special effort being made to get them into the hands of every one of the thousand scholars who had failed to attend since the first of August, thereby antedating the probable return from vacations of all these absentees.

In the matter of invitations all sorts of things are resorted to—cards, postals, circular-letters, souvenir folders, and personal letters. Expense has often something to do with the issue of them. If there is plenty of money for this purpose, the souvenir is elaborate, and the mails are used for letter postage, but as many a superintendent does it himself, a circular letter or a card is often handed around the school, and done in printer's ink or by one of the numerous reproduction processes.

Roll Call by Classes: Let the secretary call the roll by classes, and have every teacher respond and report attendance something like this:

Secretary: "Mrs. Brown's class."

Mrs. Brown replies: "Teacher present. Six scholars enrolled. Four present. No

new scholars, no visitors in the class. Total present, 5."

Secretary: "Mrs. White's class."

Mrs. White replies: "Teacher present. Ten pupils enrolled. All present. One new scholar and one visitor. Total present, 13."

Be sure and let all teachers know two weeks in advance, at least, that the roll will be called as above, and urge all to try and have every scholar and some visitors present.

A Word to the Scholar: In this country today is going on a struggle more important and further reaching in its results than any battle of powder, iron and steel. The issue is:—who shall have the youth—Christ or the world? God or Satan? As sure as the Church wins and holds the young people in its Sabbath Schools, Satan shall be defeated and Christ shall conquer. This conflict, dear scholar, is on in your neighborhood. We need reinforcements, for the enemy is pressing the battle hard against us. We need you, and know we shall not appeal to you in vain. May we be more than conquerors through Him who loved us! May I suggest lines along which you may help?

1. Stand by your Sabbath School. Cultivate a genuine love for your fellow-scholars, your teachers, your superintendent, and your pastor. Next to your parents they are your best friends. Appreciate them, stand by their good name. Never be a grumbler. Be noble and heroic. Talk up your school. You can do more than any one else to win your friends who do not attend Sabbath School to come to yours. You will thus impart a wholesome tone to the younger scholars who observe you and will follow you.

2. Help your teacher. Be in your place five minutes before the time of opening the school, cheery and prepared to do your part, and not sitting back a spectator.

3. Pray for your teacher, superintendent, and your pastor. They deserve your prayers and they need them.

4. Realize just now that the success of Rally Day very much depends on you. Who can so effectively rally all the school as you, the scholar? Give us your courage, your inventiveness, your influence, your joy, and enthusiastic help, and God will bless you.—Superintendent.

The New New Year's Time—Rally Day: Anciently the honor of introducing the years fell to the month of March, later January succeeded to that distinction, but nowadays, no matter what the calendar may say, September has usurped the usher's place. The annual beginning of things now comes in the neighborhood of the fall equinox. The world of society and the world of business alike time the revolutions of their wheels from September, and the enterprise in either sphere that is not in full motion before the first of October is left far to the rear of the race.

Climatic conditions working themselves out through many diverse human interests have determined that the autumn shall be the initial time of American energy. The heat of the summer furnishes to lassitude an easily available apology, but the first breath of crisp freshness in the autumn breezes shames it out. The vacation habit growing upon all classes of Americans tends every year to make July and August more of a prolonged "dies non." But every vacation seems to require of the American business conscience greater penance and atonement, and as from year to year the typical man of commerce surrenders himself more completely to his season of recreation, so every year he comes back with a fiercer September determination to work tremendously and so prove that the vacation actually rested him. Annually then the autumn jar and jerk with which all the world gets once more in motion become more pronounced and sleepers are awakened with ruder jostling. It is fall. It is time, as is said in language whose expressiveness acquits the user therof, to "get busy."

We dispute in our churches whether there ought or ought not to be a summer relaxation in church activity. Some say it belies our profession ever to slack our hands in any good work. Others say that as conditions are in the modern organization of the world, the summer vacation is as inevitable in church as in trade. But that dispute belongs to July and August. It is September now, and the disputing time is over. Here is a proposition on which today we can all agree: This is the time to be doing. If your church has had an interlude of lessened effort, imitate the vigorous man of business and get down now to such terrific work that the vacation will be justified. Or if on the other hand your church has spent the summer putting in its "best licks," at the work before it, demonstrate the perennial increment of Christian energy by redoubling your endeavors with the return of the season when new energy reigns all around you. Working or resting we have all had our dreams of greater and more worthy achievements in our Lord's honor; this at length is the day for realization. Quit dreaming; do it. That magnificent plan of yours will be a snare and a shame to you if you carry it in your head a week longer. Get it out and take today the first step toward accomplishing it. Yes, and the Christian duty that you have dreaded is at the door now; you are bound to go about it forthwith, or else default as a Christian bankrupt; there is no longer any excuse for delay. Procrastination is a bigger sin in September than in any other month of the year. This is beginning time; so begin. Get to work; get to work; get to work.

Rally Day, now happily a fixed institution in Sunday School procedure, is the expression in concrete and practical form of this September duty of starting up new and vigorously. We trust that every Sunday School superintendent in the church will make this day what it ought to be for his school—a wide-awake wake up time. The last Sunday in September has been the time for this event in most schools, but the date is not important. On some early fall Sunday, such as is most convenient, let each superintendent get in line

all the forces on which he can count and try to impress upon younger and older alike that the time when carelessness and indifference can be overlooked is entirely past. And the Rally Day idea ought to enter all the other departments of the congregation. The pastor expects his young people's society to manifest more diligence and consecration this year; let him tell them out and out that just now is the time to begin to evidence their faithfulness. He hopes to swing his people into a whole-souled evangelistic campaign; don't let him commit the mistake of announcing that there will be meetings in January; let him announce instead that the effort to save sinners from their sins begins right now and every Christian is expected to begin with it. "Now is the accepted time" to go to work.—Author Unknown.

TALKS TO THE CHILDREN.

Children's Crusade: "Endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 Tim. 2:3.

Children, the crusades were religious wars, to conquer, from the Turks, Jerusalem and the land where Christ used to live. They were called crusades because each soldier had on his clothes a cross. There were seven of these religious wars carried on by men, but the one we will speak of today was an army of thirty thousand boys.

More than six hundred and fifty years ago, Stephen, a shepherd boy in the kingdom of France, thought that Christ appeared to him in a vision. Our Savior seemed in great sorrow to think that Jerusalem should be in the possession of the unbelievers. He promised that if Stephen would rouse the children to go to the Holy Land, He would give them a glorious victory. Whether Stephen dreamed all this or not he surely believed it. He went to the city of Paris, and in the squares and at the corners of the streets he told his story to hundreds of children. Thirty thousand children, some with rich and some with poor homes, voluntered to go. Many ran away to join this army, and some that were not allowed to go sickened and died, so great was the longing.

These children did not know where the Holy Land was, but they started from Paris southward, and bravely tramped over hill and valley until from the top of a hill they saw the beautiful city of Marseilles. They raised a great shout, for they thought that it was Jerusalem. They were greatly disappointed to learn that after all their hard marching, they were not yet out of France, and that the sea, many hundreds of miles long, had to be passed over. Many turned back discouraged, for no miracle came to open for them a path through the sea, like the children of Israel. At last some wicked men, pretending to help them, furnished ships to take them to the Holy Land. Many had died or returned, so that only five thousand got on board the ships. What manly boys they were!

For eighteen years nothing was heard of them, while parents and friends were sad and filled with fears. At last it was found out that the wicked men, instead of taking them to the Holy Land, took the ships across to Africa, and sold the boys as slaves to their enemies. Some of these ships were wrecked on the island of San Pietro, and the children were drowned—a far better fate than befell the rest. The saddest of all was the news that came of eight of these children, who had been carried as far east as Bagdad, a city many hundred miles farther than Jerusalem. They were asked to deny Christ, but the brave little heroes, although they had endured so much, and knew that to refuse would bring great suffering and death, refused to deny the Savior. They were first tortured and then put to death.

No history of men shows greater bravery, endurance, and courage than this Children's Crusade. I wish that all you boys and girls would be as brave, and endure hardness like these, fighting against sin. Christ comes, to you more than He did to Stephen, and wants you for His soldiers. The world belongs to Him as much as Jerusalem did. It is full of human hearts. He wants you to conquer it for Him with goodness and love. Will you join the crusade?—Rev. W. Armstrong.

Under the Colours: "Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee that it may be displayed because of the truth." Ps. 60:4.

You know what a banner is—the broad bright flag the soldiers carry, with the royal marks and the names of battle-fields upon it. The soldiers call their flag their "colours," and when they speak about being under the Queen's colours they mean that they are under the Queen's flag.

It is a very sacred thing for a regiment to be trusted with the colours, and it is a grand, solemn thing to see it done. When a regiment is to be trusted with a flag, the men are drawn up in beautiful order, and the officers step to the front, and the Queen presents them with the colours, and charges them to keep them safely—for the colours mean the army's honour, England's honour, the Queen's honour; and every true soldier sets his teeth hard and says to himself: "No! I'll die sooner than disgrace my colours!"

I. Now the Lord has His soldiers as well as the Queen. Who are His soldiers? Why the text tells us—they are those that fear Him. That doesn't mean those that are afraid of Him—oh, no! When a soldier says he fears the Queen, he means that he honours her, loves her, and obeys her. And that is what they mean who fear God. Now a child can do all that—a child can honour Jesus and love Him and obey Him. So you see, the Lord has little soldiers as well as great ones—and He has a banner for them as well as for others.

II. What is this banner He trusts them with? Why, shake it out on the breeze—there!—look at it!—see that crimson cross upon it!—see those words underneath it!—"He died for me: I shall live for Him." That's the banner God gives His soldiers. It means standing up for the honour of Jesus—it means giving the life to love Him and serve Him. You can do that, can't you?

III. What is to be done with this banner? It is to be displayed. What would you think of soldiers who kept their flag locked up in a box, only to be taken out now and then to keep the moths away? You would say that

they weren't soldiers; they were merchants waiting for some one to buy their flag. Yet, do you know, there are people who do that with their religion. They keep it locked up in the church all the week, and if you met one of them in the streets or at his work, and asked him, he would have to say—"Oh, yes, I've got a very good religion—but I haven't it about me!" Wouldn't that be foolish? See, then, that you display your flag—and display it in the face of the enemy. You cannot read anything braver or more stirring than the way the flag of England has been shaken out in the face of the enemy and carried forward and forward still—till the enemy feared the sight of it and fled. It is easy to unfurl the colours and be brave when there is no enemy near; but that is only playing at soldiers—mere make-believe—it isn't being soldiers. When any one would tempt you to do wrong, then show your colours; let them know that Jesus died for you and you mean to live for Jesus. But it is when you do this you must expect great opposition.

IV. The fight is always thickest round the flag. Soldiers tell me that though their regiment had marched up to the foe in beautiful order, bristling with steel,—before very long in the struggle and confusion, they found they were all fighting somewhere round the flag. It was the flag the enemy wanted to capture, and therefore it was round the flag that the hottest strife took place. You will find it the same when you show your colours—when you determine to stand up for Jesus, then the real battle of the soul will begin. But stand you for the Lord and the Lord will stand for you: He will not leave you or forsake you, but will give you the victory—for He is All-Mighty.

V. Why should you display your colours? "Because of the truth"—for the sake of showing the true side and showing that you are upon it. In the confusion of a battle the soldiers sometimes do not know in which direction to strike out. Then they look for their flag—and fight their way toward it. And it is very often the case that a boy or girl does really wish to know how we get to Jesus, and would like to ask, but doesn't know who to ask. Oh, if you would only show your colours! then they would know which side you are on—and would come on that side too. There's many a one wants to come to Jesus, but doesn't know how to do it, because somebody else is hiding his colours. Display your colours and stick to them. There is a great church in Paris where they keep the flags that were captured in war, and one of these is pointed out as a flag captured from the English. It pained me very much to see that flag in a foreign land. But, oh! it pains Jesus far more when He looks over the names of men and women who once attended church, or boys and girls who once went to Sunday School, and then asks: "Where are these?" —and the answer has to be given: "They have gone away from thee!—the enemy has captured the banner thou gavest them to keep!" Display your banner, darlings, and stick to it all your life.

What is done with these banners at last? They are hung up in God's house in honour. Some time ago there was a grand to-do in the old Cathedral in Edinburgh. The Commander-in-chief of the army had gone down to be present when the old banners of the Scottish regiments—tattered, bullet-marked and blood-stained, but glorious still—were hung up in the sanctuary. There they are to remain—in the temple of peace—with praises and prayers wreathing round them—may be till wars shall cease from the earth. Keep your banner and honour it, and one day Jesus will give the command,—"Fetch up the colours!" Then, like another good soldier, you will be able to say: "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept my flag—henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord shall give me." —J. Reid Howatt, D. D.

Dr. Rainsford's Work.

Many preachers have been interested in the work of Dr. Rainsford in St. George's Church, New York, especially since he has given us his biography in the Outlook.

An exchange commenting the Year Book says:

St. George's Church Year Book for 1902 is particularly interesting, because it contains a Review of Twenty Years' Work on the East Side under the rectorship of the Rev. W. S. Rainsford, D. D. When, in 1883, Dr. Rainsford was called to be rector of St. George's, there was a small chapel immediately west of the rectory, which has since grown into a fine Memorial building; the Boys' Club, which the new rector then started, has developed into a Trade school, while the little Deaconess House has been replaced by the beautiful building now standing at 208-210 East Sixteenth street. "Poor" relief, by means of almost daily excursions to Rockaway Park, where St. George's now possesses suitable grounds and buildings, has been prosecuted with such zeal that now St. George's can boast of having in twenty years taken a quarter of a million people to the sea.

In 1883, only a handful of people attended the old church, while the Sunday School had dwindled to two or three hundred scholars, although a large boarding house population surrounded the church. It adds also that the Episcopalian, who makes comparatively little of the preaching part of a minister's duty, have more perhaps than any other denomination developed the church on the side of its parochial institutions and administrations. The Protestant Episcopalian church is great on the side of its organized charities and systematic ministry to the every day wants of humanity Here in this city two very notable illustrations of this genius for ecclesiastical organization are at hand Another exchange says we have something to learn from the Catholics, that their convent occupies a field yet scarcely touched by Protestantism. Our seminaries do not plan to receive young girls, neither do they make a home for their students during the summer months. Our orphan asylums do not like to receive children over twelve years of age. What shall we do with our orphans and half-orphaned girls from twelve to sixteen? The convent is receiving them at a rate that would startle the Church, if the fact were generally known.

PRESENT-DAY PROBLEMS.

Criticism vs. Experience.

In the August number of the Observer the Rev. Amory H. Bradford writes on Criticism vs. Experience, and it is true, but not the whole truth. He says:

The condition of religious thought in our time is interesting and even confusing. The work of criticism has been carried so far that many people are coming to think that the critics are worse than the infidels, while on the other hand, a large number are asking, with all seriousness, whether the Christian faith has any historical basis. The names of the Patriarchs have been resolved into tribal names, the historicity of various Old Testament characters has been entirely given up, the authority of whole books denied, and the element of the miraculous abandoned. Even the New Testament has not escaped this scrutiny. We are gravely informed that Paul wrote but a few of the Epistles which bear his name, that the Gospel of John is the work of an unknown author, that large parts of the Gospels are unhistoric. Under such circumstances it is not surprising that many feel that the foundations of their faith are giving way, and they are inquiring whether there is any refuge except in agnosticism. Confusion, amounting almost to chaos, seems to characterize the condition of religious thought in our time.

The question as to what should be the attitude of the Christian Church toward criticism, therefore, is not only timely but of extreme importance, for on the answer depends the mental peace of individuals and the continued efficiency of the Church as an institution.

Criticism may be the enemy of the truth, but if it is it will be worse than useless for the average man to voice his conviction, because at present he will be able to give no good reason for his views, and conclusions, even if they are correct, which have no champion but ignorance, usually are enemies of the truth. Most people love intelligence, candor and perfect honesty, and they are repelled whenever strong assertions are made by those who are not able to give rational reasons for their faith, whatever that faith may be. Suppression works no better in matters of religion than in physics. The fire that is smothered burns more brightly afterward; the steam that is suppressed bursts its boiler, and the mind which feels the pressure of authority will probably end in believing a falsehood.

Shall the church spend its energies in attempting to prove the conclusions of the critics to be false? In the present state of opinion, and in the present condition of critical investigation, that is an impossible task. I say nothing of what may be possible in a few years, but now time spent in this effort would be wasted. Usually men believe what finds them. Coleridge's definition of inspiration as that which found him has never been invalidated. That which finds us, and nothing else, is inspired for us. Argument plays a very much smaller part in the religious life than is often imagined. Moreover the times are not ripe for such methods for the reason that, as yet, whatever we may believe, the work of criticism has thus far been discredited neither by scholarship nor by its influence on the moral and spiritual life.

What then? Is there no means by which the prevailing theological chaos may be brought into order? Is religious certainty an impossibility? Must the Christian Revelation be allowed to appear to be resting on an insecure foundation? By no means. There is one appeal which can always be fearlessly made by the humblest as well as the profoundest Christian.

The Christian experience has never been touched by criticism, and its testimony may be trusted by all who are seeking a secure support for their faith. I have long felt that I must have a basis for my faith which is entirely independent of the possible results of criticism. Criticism has to do with form only. A flower may be analyzed and criticised, but no amount of study can touch the life which manifests itself in that flower. The Church, the Bible, all Christian institutions may be subjected to critical processes, but the spiritual life can only be recognized. The life has been manifested in experiences which no scholarly processes can eliminate from the history of individuals or the race.

Countless men and women in the strength which they have received in times of trial, in the comfort which they have had in sorrow, in the power to resist the allurements of evil, and in inspirations to noble and useful service have borne witness to the reality and the vitality of the Christian redemption.

What effect would any number of destructive arguments have had on a man like Augustine? "The Fourth Gospel was not written by John, part of the first three Gospels are not trustworthy, therefore your faith is vain." He would have swiftly replied, I have been saved from sin; I am living a new life and no arguments pro or con concerning the Christian Scriptures can touch that fact. The late Rev. Robert W. Dale, D. D., of Birmingham, England, perhaps the strongest, sanest and most intellectual force in the pulpit of the English speaking world during the last generation, told me an incident which illustrates the point which I wish to make. In some meetings of the Salvation Army in Birmingham one of the worst men in that city was converted. He was a leader among characters of the baser sort, a human brute. But the change in the man was evident to all. He was a new creature. One day some of his former associates began to make fun of him, and such a conversation as the following ensued:

"You say you are a Christian—who was the father of Jesus Christ?" "I don't know." "Who was his mother?" "I don't know." "Where did He live?" "I don't know." "How old was He when He died?" "I don't know." "How did He die?" "I don't know."

"Well, you are a pretty Christian; you don't know who was the father of Jesus Christ or who was His mother, or where He lived, or when He died, or how He died—what do you know?" Then the rough, but genuine Christ-

ian man, lifted his head and looking those who were taunting him in the face, replied:

"I know that He saved me."

There was nothing more to be said. He knew in Whom he believed because of what he had experienced, and those around him were forced to recognize the change. That man's new life came directly from his Savior, and was not dependent on any theory of the construction or interpretation of the Scriptures. He had been raised from spiritual death, and the fact that he was spiritually alive could not be controverted.

Is it not time for those who are full of anxiety concerning the effects of criticism to change the emphasis of their thought, and to remember that no criticism can explain away a fact? Millions of redeemed men are monuments of the saving power of Jesus Christ, and society which has been revolutionized and spiritualized by Him can no more be ignored than the sun and the stars. The heavenly bodies are impervious to the theories of astronomers, and the human experience is equally impervious to all destructive criticism.

At first we believe in the Christian revelation on testimony, but when we have felt the new life in our own souls we have immediate knowledge, and that nothing can gainsay. Questions of criticism can never be settled by authority. They belong to the scholars, and some time harmonious conclusions will probably be reached. In the meantime we may safely rest in the impregnable testimony of experience and history. A regenerated man is a fact as incontestible as a newly discovered star. Concerning some subjects we will ask the scholars for their opinions, but concerning what we have experienced we have immediate knowledge and need not that any man should teach us.

This is true and a timely truth—Let the river of testimony be the limit of the prairie fire of destructive criticism. Dr. Bradford says that criticism has nothing to do with Christian experience, yet he acknowledges that it is undermining the faith of some. Faith has a great deal to do with Christian experience. In fact faith is built up from reading, hearing and believing the word of God—and the efforts of the critics are directed toward the destruction of the word of God, or that part of it that says Christ is more than a man. What gospel do they train their siege guns against—the gospel of John? Why? It breathes the divinity of Jesus Christ.

Shall we ignorant men, preachers, laymen who have something to do with the advancement of the kingdom of God—so that we can not give our whole time to study, and questionings and imaginings, are we to bow down before these Pharisees, doctors of the law, the modern Sanhedrin, the council of seventy, and say, "For what we are about to receive, make us truly thankful." We have our experience, our daily bread—the meat of comparing Scripture with Scripture and saying that we believe it is the word of God is not for such as we are.

Chew up the word of God and throw a spitball from it in our direction and it may-haps plaster itself on our face. But they don't study the Bible. Outside of a half-dozen of the same sort they don't study the Bible—they study about the Bible. They are like a young colored barber, who told me he was studying law, and missing him a few weeks later I asked the old fellow who was shaving me, about the fellow that was studying law. "Huh, Gaines study law? De nearest he cum study law was when he shaved a man what was studying law."

Dozens of these young intellectual buck professors don't study the Bible, they shave the old critics or sceptics who did study the Bible.

For instance there is Prof. Starbuck (he lectured in Cleveland recently), with his mystic rationalism and a head of hair that would have put Absalom out of business with the daughters of Jerusalem—he comes teaching a lot of stuff that no one can get head or tail to—but in one of his lucid intervals he threw mud at the hymn "Ashamed of Jesus."

Said it was selfish and wasn't fit to be sung—that it was a wail of selfishness.

The egotism of the rascal would be invaluable to a brass foundry. There he had been using up valuable time of a half dozen preachers and seven students and two or three girls and an old lady, telling what he thought or imagined he thought, and then talk about the selfishness in that grand old hymn. Had he told a mean story about a friend of mine, I don't know that I would have been more affected.

Well, the point that brought him to mind, was that these critics will not let experience, hymns of experience, or anything else alone. Bye and bye when they get the Bible where they want it—with nothing but the lids and the genealogies left—then they will start in to prove that a man who has a religious experience is crazy and have him committed.

No, Dr. Bradford, we will not hand our heads over to the critics to have them crammed with decrees they make about the Book, with their flourishes of trumpets. We will keep our heads and hearts together.

This intellectual priesthood may serve and think and give indulgences to as many as are content, but there are a few who will reserve the right to think and study on their own account.

You have uttered a timely truth, but you do not believe that it is the whole truth?

FAIR WARNING CONCERNING THE BIBLICAL ENCYCLOPEDIA.

There remain only a few sets of this work for Current Anecdotes readers.

If you have any thought of ever buying this work, do it now. It is doubtful if another edition will be published from these plates, and that means that the work from new plates will cost you a great deal more. You will get more practical information out of this work than you will from works costing twice as much. Fair Warning! Going! See page 695.

UNUSUAL.

DUTIES OF A CHAIRMAN.

The reduction of democratic politics to an exact science is not peculiar to the United States. From the pages of "V. C." we cull the following story: In a rural Scottish district there was an election meeting some time ago. Owing to the absence of the laird a local farmer was voted to the chair. He addressed the meeting as follows: "I thank ye all very much for the honor ye've dune me. I've been at thae meetings afore, so I ken what tae dae, an' I'll juist put the resolution first. A' Bronlee, show yer hands. Five. Noo, then, a' against. Fifteen. Majority chuck the ithers oot, an' let us gang on wi' oor meeting!" —London Daily News.

During a course of lectures on "Scotland and the Scots" an Oxford professor delivered a feeling tribute to the intrepidity and endurance of the sons of the north.

"These hardy men," remarked the professor, "think nothing of swimming across the Tay three times before breakfast."

The respectful silence which followed this announcement was broken by a loud guffaw from the middle of the room.

"Sir," said the professor, angrily addressing the culprit, "perhaps you will explain what you mean by this outburst!"

"I was just thinking, sir," replied the offender, "that if your story is true, the poor Scotch chaps would find themselves on the wrong side for their clothes."

"James, my son, take this letter to the postoffice and pay the postage on it."

The boy James returned after an absence of some few minutes, highly elated and said:

"Father, I seed a lot of men putting letters in a little place and when no one was looking I slipped in yours for nothing."—Ram's Horn.

"How do you like de new preacher?" asked Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "Very much," answered Miss Miami Brown. "He's got a good staht. He knows a heap o' words; an', jes' sa soon as he gits 'em arranged in de proper order, he'll hab a mighty fine sermon."—Washington Star.

TOO LATE.

During a lesson in a medical college the other day, one of the students, who was by no means a dullard, was asked by the professor, "How much is a dose of——" (giving the technical name of a strong poison.) "A teaspoonful," was the ready reply. The professor made no comment, but the student, a quarter of an hour later, realized that he had made a mistake, and straightway said: "Professor, I want to change my answer to that question." "It's too late, sir," responded the professor, curtly, looking at his watch; "your patient has been dead fourteen minutes."—The Indian Witness.

Mother: "Johnny, how is it you stood so much lower in your studies in January than you did in December?"

Johnny: "I don't know, mother, unless it is because everything is marked down after the holidays."—Ram's Horn.

A LONG WAIT.

Admiral Hichborn, long the Chief Constructor of the Navy, has a Chinese servant, named Chow, whom he brought with him from the East. One day Chow asked permission to go to a funeral.

"All right," said the Admiral. Then he added, "I suppose you will put a lot of food and sweetmeats on his grave as they do in China?"

"Allee same China," Chow replied.

"Now, Chow," continued the Admiral, "when do you think the dead Chinaman will come up to eat the food you leave on his grave?"

"Allee same time Melican man comes up to smellee flowers you leave on his grave," answered Chow urbanely.—Sat. Eve. Post.

"TAKE IT BACK"
I SAID
WHEATLET
They've all got "something just as good" when it comes to cereals; but the perfection of twenty years study will not down, and
WHEATLET
eaters know there is no substitute for the World's best breakfast food. The whyfore is easily explainable in the fact that these are the only mills extant equipped exclusively for grinding the whole of the very choicest wheat obtainable, and statistics show we really are the only ones using wheat that absolutely contains 50 per cent. more nutrition than any other grown. That's the reason people who try other breakfast foods come back to Wheatlet, the untiring cereal, every time.
THE FRANKLIN MILLS COMPANY,
"All the Wheat that's Fit to Eat,"
737 Franklin Square, LOCKPORT, N. Y.

QUOTABLE POETRY.

A PAUPER'S PLEA.

By John P. Gavit in Chicago Commons.
"Forgive us our debts."—The Lord's Prayer.

Forgive me, Lord, my countless debt to him
Who toils for me!
To all that host who give of life or limb
To set me free.

My food, for which Thy bounteous Hand I bless,
Is good to eat,
But giv'n at last by those who have far less
And poorer meat.

My feet are shod by myriad busy hands
Of maids and men,
Who go ill-shod, o'er street and field, and sands
To work again.

My back is clad by folk in fetid air
With faces gaunt,
Who earn far poorer garb than I "must" wear,
By toil and want.

What books and learning in the schools I had
Has now my boy—
The builders and the printers had been glad
To share the joy!

And when I go abroad, these rushing days,
By ship or train,
The faithfulness of thousands guards the ways
O'er hill and plain.

This warmth, that thaws me from the Winter's chill—
In midnight holes
The miners delve in hordes beneath the hill—
What of their souls?

A pauper I, before the face of All,
Kneel now to Thee;
Thy needy children—yea, I hear their call
True against me!

Beneath this load of Debt to Man I bow
Long on me laid;
O shame, in all the worthless years till now,
So little paid!

Albany, New York.

WHAT CHRIST SAID.

I said: "Let me walk in the fields."
He said: "No, walk in the town."
I said: "There are no flowers there."
He said: "No flowers, but a crown!"

I said: "But the skies are black;
There is nothing but noise and din."
And he wept as he sent me back—
"There is more," he said; "there is sin."

I said: "But the air is thick,
And fogs are veiling the sun."
He answered: "Yet souls are sick,
And souls in the dark undone!"

I said: "I shall miss the light,
And friends will miss me, they say."
He answered: "Choose tonight
If I am to miss you, or they."

I pleaded for time to be given.
He said: "Is it hard to decide?
It will not seem hard in heaven
To have followed the step of your Guide!"

—Dr. George McDonald.

"We weary watching wave on wave, and yet the tide heaves onward;
We build like corals grave on grave, but have a pathway sunward.
We're beaten back in many a fray, and yet fresh strength we borrow,
And where the vanguard rests today, the rear may camp tomorrow."

The man who knows this struggle for the kingdom and its victories in his own heart will have the clearer idea of what it means to himself in the world external to resist and overcome the allied forces of sin and Satan. There is depth of meaning in the expression, "The gates of hell."

One of the most notable poetical socialistic effusions brought out by the coal strike is a poem by Ernest H. Crosby, of New York, entitled: "The Land of the Midday Night." It depicts the grim struggle of the miner to keep body and soul together, while his employer is supposed to revel in luxury. One of the verses runs:

"But the men who own the mines,
And who live like kings of old—
Ah! little they care how their wage-slaves fare,
So long as they get their gold:
And the fire-damp may explode
And a thousand die outright,
For the men come cheap who go down deep
In the land of the noonday night."

Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, the famous editor of the Century Magazine, has written a poem on John Wesley for the Wesley Centenary at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn. I extract the following lines:

"What courage of the flesh and of the spirit!
How grim of wit, when wit alone might serve!
What wisdom his to know the boundless might
Of banded effort in a world like ours!
How meek, how self-forgetful, courteous, calm!
A silent figure when men idly raged
In murderous anger; calm, too, in the storm—
Storm of the spirit, strangely imminent,
When spiritual lightnings struck men down
And brought, by violence, the sense of sin,
And violently oped the gates of peace."

SERMON DEPARTMENT.

THE DECLINE OF THE GREAT CONVICTIONS.

By NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS, D. D., Pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.

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Dr. Hillis preached on a recent Sunday on "The Decline of the Great Convictions: Are the Distinguished Men in American Society Less in Number; Are Our Leaders Losing Their Hold on the Supreme Realities and Principles that Make the Republic Great?"

His text was Romans 10: 10: "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness." Dr. Hillis said:

This morning I propose to discuss the decline of great convictions, and the decay of interest in and fidelity to those spiritual realities and principles that enrich individual life, and furnish stability and progress to the Nation. Incidentally, also, this discussion will raise the question whether the number of our great men who live for their convictions and ideals is growing less, and whether or not our public men are in danger of losing their leadership, because of the decline of the great convictions.

EVIDENCES OF THIS DECLINE.

1. I am not a pessimist, either by birth or education, or conviction; the rather am I an optimist, and every drop of blood in my veins believes in hope and looks forward. I do not believe that the number of great men in the country is growing less, but only that these great natures are for the time being giving themselves to money, and to getting on. Indeed, the average man in the community was never so wise or strong, or moral, or happy, or prosperous. Pierpont Morgan is as great a man as Napoleon, and Mr. Carnegie is as great man in his way as Frederick the Great was in his. Great intellects now give themselves toward commercial problems, and financial problems.

Once our precedency was in intellectual lines. Now it is in commercial lines. Once we had Emerson, the philosopher; Longfellow, the poet of the common people; Lowell, the all-around man of letters; Hawthorne, whose fiction will live; the genial humorist and gentleman of letters, Oliver Wendell Holmes; the great historians, Bancroft and Prescott and Motley, with Bryant and Whittier, the poets. Will you give me the names of the successors of this distinguished group? And so of the realms of statesmanship and art, and science, and eloquence. Just as in the fifteenth century the supreme intellect gave itself to painting, and the appearance of the artist on the streets was the signal for universal enthusiasm, now the man whose income is "forty millions a year" was followed this winter in California by an admiring crowd.

THE DECLINE OF CONVICTION AS TO THE LAWS OF THE LAND.

2. All patriots must mourn the decline of conviction as to the sanctity of our laws, and obedience thereto. The absolute disregard of the principles of law and justice is so widespread and common as scarcely to need illustration. In this country we wound, injure, maim and kill on an average one hundred people a day, in connection with the railways, and practically all these accidents represent disobedience of the laws of the land. We murder ten thousand people each year, and the conviction of a murderer has become an exception. Indeed, the decline of conviction in the sanctity of the law is so striking that if the labor union kills a man, in the sacred name of advancing the wage 10 per cent., the murder is considered a trifling episode, a little incident not worthy of mention.

Out in Chicago recently the draymen went on a strike; a commission merchant handling fruit for southern farmers found that his drivers had all struck. Unwilling that the farmers' fruit should rot in the depot, he put his own harness on his own horse, into his own shafts, and drove in the daytime to the depot, to save the fruit that was committed to his charge. As a reward for his fidelity the drivers murdered him and spattered his wagon with his own blood. The account of this murder occupies seven lines in the daily press, and not one of the men has ever been arrested and convicted, and not one ever will be.

Perhaps on the whole the standard of commercial honors was never so high, yet occasionally a merchant retains a lawyer for the express purpose of finding a way to break a contract.

Both of these forms of lawlessness represent the decline of conviction. They show the decay of fidelity to the principles of honor and justice. But shrewdness is not greatness, evasion and subterfuge are not integrity, the wealth that comes through trickery, even though it be legalized, differs from the wealth that comes from honest productive toil, as punk differs from gold and the light of the firefly differs from the light of the sun.

MR. CLEVELAND AND COLORED RACE.

3. Consider the decline of great convictions with reference to the public, the equality of the races, and particularly the rights of the colored people.

Strangely enough, just at a time when the steamships have brought China and England and India close to our shores, just at the time when all who love their kind are looking forward to the international law and international justice and international money and international art and literature and science, we behold some of our great leaders losing all faith in the equality of the races, and the right of suffrage, for white and black and brown and yellow alike.

At a meeting held in New York a few weeks ago, an ex-President, Mr. Cleveland; a great religious editor, Dr. Lyman Abbott, spoke on the colored question. They affirmed that the giving the right of suffrage to the negro had been a failure; that the negro was ignorant,

vicious and unworthy; they, in part, closed the door of hope in the negro's face, and with reference to the fact that several Southern states have disfranchised the negro, they affirmed that the South should be left free to settle the negro problem in its own way. Both the statesman and the editor have, for the hour, lost faith in the republic, in the equality of the races, and in universal suffrage. We must all cherish the hope that neither one realized fully the scope of his statement.

If the negro is to be disfranchised in the South, do these two men understand that they must also disfranchise him in the North? If they affirm that they disfranchise the negro, not because of his color, but because he is illiterate, will they also disfranchise the 1,000,000 white men who are also illiterate? If the negro is to be disfranchised, then the Declaration of Independence is wrong. If the white man, because of illiteracy, and the black man, because of his illiteracy, are to lose the ballot, then the foreign races—Italian, Bohemian, Pole and Greek—with the mountain whites, must lose it also. If universal suffrage is wrong, then the Sixteenth Amendment to the Constitution must be given up; then Abraham Lincoln was wrong in his speech at Gettysburg and in his inaugural, and the million soldiers who gave their lives for liberty spilled their blood in the interest of folly and superstition.

What is the cure of the ills of democracy? Last year Dr. Lyman Abbott said the cure was "more democracy," in his "Rights of Man." This year Dr. Abbott says the cure of the ills of democracy is less democracy. Why should "more democracy" cure democracy's ills in 1902 and "less democracy" cure its ills in 1903?

In this day when there is so little fundamental thinking and recognition of foundation principles, all young men interested in the great race problem should consider one fact, that the problem of the South is not a political problem, to be settled by a political method, called taking the suffrage from the negro, but an industrial and economic problem, to be settled by industrial education and moral.

Before the war the South's mistake was an economic one as to slavery. Thirty thousand rich slave holders owned most of the slaves. Six million poor whites owned no slaves whatever. In a way, the slave was the pet of the system of servitude and the poor white was the victim. The six million whites raised cotton in competition with three million slaves; the poor whites were driven to the slaves' level as to poverty and ignorance This economic error made the South poor and the war crushed it like an egg shell. In the North free labor came out of the war with quadrupled wealth.

Now, the South is making another economic mistake, for which it must pay a second time, in terms of economics, just as once she paid for every drop of blood shed by the lash with one shed by the sword. The South believes that manual labor is a degradation; therefore, today, in the Gulf coast cities the aristocratic young white man is behind the counter, selling ribbons, silks, calicoes, doing the work of a clerk; but of all forms of labor this is the poorest paid. He has become the competitor of the shop girls in the North. He must sink to the wage of the shop girl; but, believing that the labor is a degradation, he makes the negro do the manual work of production, instead of exchange. The negro is becoming the carpenter, the mason, the brick layer, the drayman; he works in the mines, in the factories; but these skilled trades bring in double the wage of the clerk. The colored race is learning to put its intellect into wood and stone and steel. This manual labor makes money fast. Booker Washington, by emphasizing the manual trades, is outwitting the soft-fingered white boys. When this process has gone on for a generation the race that has done the producing will have the property and the race that is exchanging goods, being cheaply paid, will be in poverty. Here in the North there is no negro problem, because we look upon both races as mere industrial workers.

There is no trouble about social equality or political equality or black domination; the Saxon dominates because he is the superior. He rules because he outweighs in manhood, in wisdom, and in productive skill. And when the South cures economic ills by economic and industrial remedies and educates all, and her sons accept the world's idea of the dignity of labor and that unrivaled people put their genius and intellect into stone and steel and wood, they will have great positions for their sons, and develop immeasurable wealth, grow some of the greatest manufacturing cities in the world, and the African will find his place over against the Saxon, and the white man will dominate the black by superior blood, brain, intellect, industry, economy and thrift, by a law of nature and not by taking away the suffrage.

I charge you, young men, keep your faith in your country, that your fathers loved. Accept no leader who discredits the Declaration of Independence, who wants to revise Washington and Jefferson and Webster and Lincoln and the Sixteenth Amendment. There are some things you can revise, but not even an ex-President or a religious editor can revise or enlarge or improve God's word, that says, "All ye are brethren."

DECLINE OF RELIGIOUS CONVICTION.

4. Consider the decline of religious conviction. In the realm of the church, also, how have men grown lukewarm, flexible, soft and easy going. There are multitudes who are living on the spiritual momentum of their fathers.

I can point you to a score of young men about you who climbed up to power on the shoulders of their great Christian fathers and mothers, who owe everything they are to their Puritan parents, who have come up to this city to make their fortune, who spend their nights at the clubs in gambling, who have used their unrivaled talents to buy the richest foods and the oldest wines, whose bodies are mere sieves for pleasures, who have despised everything their father loved and despised every ideal of their beautiful mother, and whose journey through the city by day or by night is like the journey of the swine through

a rose garden. Twenty-five years ago these men and women would have been in some church every Sunday. This day of rest would have been the soul's library day for them, the day of worship, of which Emerson said that it means more to the country and its higher intellectual life than all the other days in the week. But today you will find them riding in the parks, stuffing themselves with rich foods, going to receptions on Sunday night.

I went into a club the other Saturday night to give an address, and of six men around a card table to whom I spoke in passing toward the banqueting room, five of them had their fortune and competence through a Christian father and obedience to these principles. All of them apologized for their gambling by saying that they never went to church. As I looked at their great, fat, sleek, pampered bodies, as one of them said, speaking of my work on the next day, that he had nothing to do on Sunday, that he had not been in a church for eight years, I saw that something in their faces that you see in the hectic red leaf of the dying maple bough in July. They did not have a single great conviction. They were merely sleek animals, living for their pleasures. For them the world is a barnyard, the occupations are ricks and mangers, and they were beasts feeding in the stall.

These are the saddest events in life. Not the ruin of the Parthenon, not the wreckage of the Temple of Diana, not the fall of the great statues of Phidias, but the decay of the great convictions. "For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

CONSERVATIVE REACTION IN GERMAN BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

The "Beweis des Glaubens" informs us that "The new controversy inaugurated by the publication of Delitzsch's Babel und Bible (one year ago), and which has called forth discussions from a large number of specialists, mostly university professors, shows how much stronger conservative theology has become in recent years. It not only boldly takes up the challenge hurled by negative criticism, but even becomes aggressive and puts its opponents on the defensive. It is a singular phenomenon that all the brochures, pamphlets and magazine articles that have appeared on this new Babylonian problem, there is probably not a single one that throughout agrees with Delitzsch in maintaining that the Biblical stories of Creation, of Paradise, of the Deluge, of the Patriarchs, etc., are borrowed from Babylonian sources, and are accordingly of secondary importance and throughout mythical in character. This opposition to radical criticism comes not only from conservative men, but from 'advanced' theologians such as Merx, of Heidelberg, Cornhill, of Konigsberg, Gunckel, of Berlin, and others.

"The fact observed during the debate that followed the remarkable work of Harneck on the 'Essence of Christianity,' namely, that the great majority of resultant books and pamphlets were directed against the brilliant Berlin savant, and that even Jewish writers, such as Boeck, sharply antagonized his position, has been repeated, only on a larger scale, in this new form of radical criticism. There has been an agreement between the conservative and the advanced critics, in opposition to Delitzsch, on this, namely: that while the author of the Pentateuch does make use of material on the subjects of Creation, Paradise, the Deluge, and the like that was common property of the Oriental and Semitic peoples, yet the existence of such parallels, far from demonstrating that Israel borrowed its religious views from Babylonian culture, only emphasizes the uniqueness of the stories found in Genesis, since no other people made these stories the center of such deep religious teachings. Not what Israel had in common with its neighbors on these important points, but that which it possessed above and beyond the Babylonian ideas, constitutes the essence of the Biblical stories."

Prof. Jules Oppert, of Paris, an acknowledged prince of Assyriologists, thus contrasts the Hebrew and Babylonian cults, in a communication to the Vienna Zeit:

"About the close of the third millennium before Christ, there came from Ur of the Chaldees a great man who, according to the testimonial of the great Babylonian historian Berosus, was well and favorably remembered by the Chaldeans, namely, Abraham, who was the first to express a faith in one higher Being. Under all circumstances he was conspicuous for his monotheism, while the Babylonians were polytheists and ever remained such. The most brutal type of nature-service and of polytheism characterized the religion of both the Assyrians and the Babylonian. down to the time of the Romans.

"The most remarkable feature of Delitzsch's theory is that he ascribes a Babylonian origin to Jahveh; but this name is one of many which we find in Babylonian proper names, and which are to be translated 'Bel (or Merodoch or Yau) is God.'

"In the end, the whole argument for the so-called Babylonian origin of the Jewish culture amounts to the following: We can prove that the Chaldeans had the nose in the middle of the face; the Jews had the same; hence the noses of the Jews are derived from the Babylonians!"—Salvation.

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